Saturday Review

OF LITERATURE

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Subversion: The Old Story

By ELMER DAVIS

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April 1, 1950

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TRADE Winds

A PUBLISHER'S life is not even a safe one any longer! Hamish Hamilton, the boyish and all-conquering London publisher of John Gunther, James Thurber, Nancy Mitford, John Mason Brown, and Angela Thirkell (to name just a few of his headliners), discovered a misstatement about Lord Wavell in another of his offerings, Chaim Weizmann's "Trial and Error," and wrote a note of apology to the *Times*. The next day the following sinister message was slipped into his hand by a bearded stranger:

Dear Mr. Hamilton:

Having not be long to Englannd, but study Nuculea Psychics to Universsite Bangkor, to the Nord of Wale, but before Universitte Sidi-Ben-Tayonbeh, where my fater, Ibrahim Donadiych Rector of, I protesting much to atitud make Chaim Weitzmann, old emeny our famille, vis-a-vis Wawel, also old emeny our famille. Gere is old Peshian say thad where are two enemies, is bette killing both tha kill one and not killing othe, wich is nown Wistom of Suleiman. If you com Lebanon you wil also be kill, but not befor to enjoi ·Lebanese khospitaliti.

Wit best wishess for happi life wile this last, maibi not tou long, I is,

Your brother
Yakub Sidi Ben Kuweit Saadi Pasha.

THIS SAME Hamish Hamilton, incidentally, listened carefully when the head of the book department of a mammoth London department store told a group of publishers they could not really know their job until they actually had worked in a bookshop themselves. Hamilton reflected that he had often given similar advice to youngsters applying to him for positions, and decided to act upon it himself. He signed up for a single week, and here is a letter telling some of his experiences:

Just in case your impulse is to follow my example and offer yourself to Macy's, I must warn you that you should go into training first. Your rowing past and tennis present may make you think you are pretty damned strong and fit, but have you recently tried standing up for seven or eight hours? Remember how tired you got wandering round the cathedrals and galleries of Venice and Florence? Well, it's far worse than that, for the scene doesn't change and there are few things more depressing to the competitive publisher than the evidence of other publishers' ingenuity.

The first morning I thought I should be dead by lumbago had a high old time and my feet ached. ("Death of a Salesman," Roger Machell commented when I rang him to complain.) A protracted lunch and some stiff drinks (special privilege!) gave me a second wind and the rest of the day was comparatively painless. Every day was easier and I imagine that in a couple of weeks standing becomes second nature.

Meanwhile, I had been shown where the different categories of books were kept, had met the assistants, m. and f.; and learnt how to make out bills. Cash sales simple—for those who can count. "Charged to account" more complicated, particularly if in excess of a certain amount—but I shan't bore you with details. I have never been very handy at tying up parcels, and didn't improve during the week. To one choleric gentleman who watched my clumsy efforts with disdain I said, "*Monsieur, je suis débutant,*" a remark with which a tough taxi-driver in Paris once disarmed me when I remonstrated about our route. The gentleman was mollified *instanter*.

My first sale went dead against my principles, but I felt I couldn't say to the attractive customer, "Pray reconsider, madam. Can't you see they are *lousy* publishers?" It was the only book of the sort she wanted, and, with no alternative to offer, I couldn't very well do my friends out of a sale. Shortly after a character asked if we had a book with such a ghastly title that I couldn't believe it existed. My antennae were just sensitive enough to stop my laughing incredulously, and sure enough he turned out to be the author doing a little snooping.

Meanwhile I had had some gossip with the charming assistants, who are now my firm friends. It is amazing how much they contrive to read and their judgments are very intelligent. (One of them was reading five books at once, between serving customers.) I learned, *inter alia*, that about 50 per cent of the customers have no idea what they want to buy, and so are wide open to suggestion. One of them asked for a light novel with a love interest and departed with a Spanish travel book, a triumph of salesmanship staged for my benefit. Moral: cultivate the assistants as well as the buyers.

I need hardly say that the book most in demand all this time was "The Naked and the Dead." You probably know that the *Sunday Times* demanded its withdrawal a week before publication. Every other paper promptly defended the book, with the double result that it is now quite safe and assured of a 100,000 sale. Anyway the most respectable people kept asking furtively for the book, under all sorts of titles, like "Skin and Bones," thereby showing that anything suspected of obscenity is sure fire.

One afternoon I got a friendly smile from a couple who were sauntering through the department towards Pianos, which used to cheer me with occasional snatches of Chopin. Fired with sales ambition I said, "Are you in the mood to buy some books?" They refused courteously, and as they walked away, the assistant next me said, "They don't look at all like house detectives, do they?" This fascinated me, for I had always visualized detectives as men in bowler hats and shiny blue suits, instead of nice-looking shoppers. Later I picked up a lot of information about the habits of shop-lifters.

Well, by the end of the week the novelty had worn off and I was thankful to leave. You will wonder what I learned, apart from something of shop conditions. I think the most important is the part

"So you wrote 'The French Revolution'!—I always thought it actually happened."

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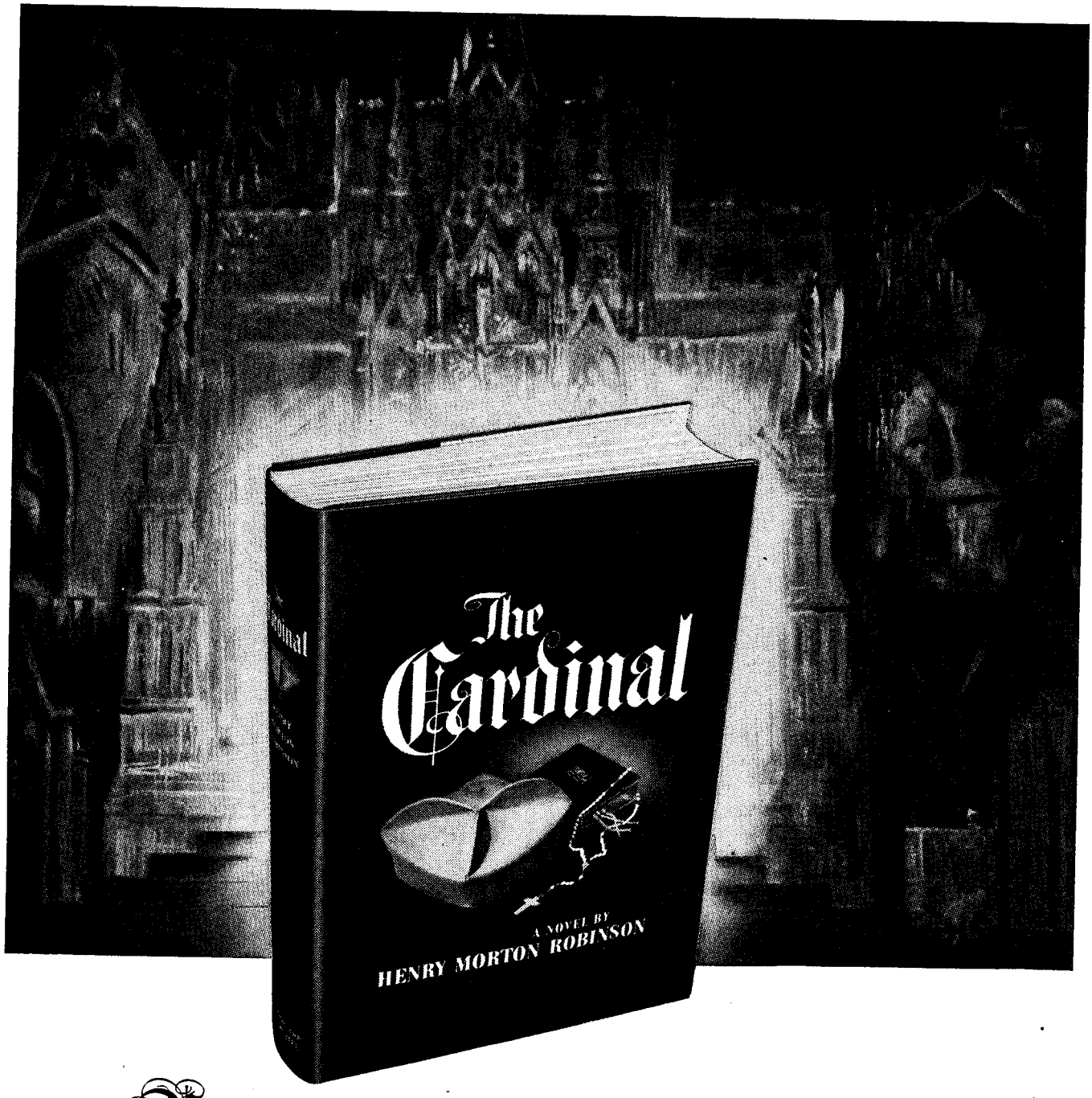

No other novel in years has created so much advance excitement as this reverent and frank story of a young American priest, his rise in the Church, his personal and spiritual problems, and his ultimate elevation to the high office of Cardinal.

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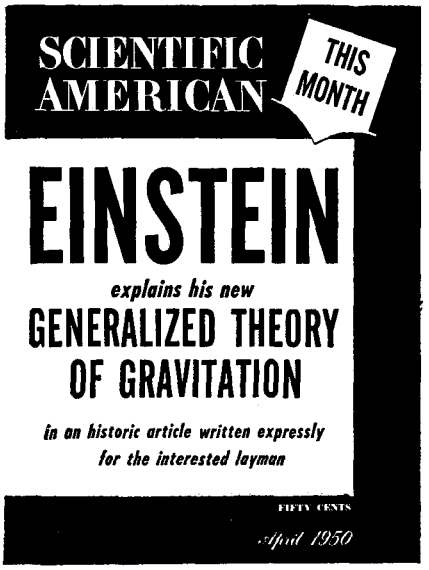

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played by the assistants in influencing the undecided buyer. Part of their job is to make notes of the books asked for and not in stock and repeats are based on these reports, so that forgetfulness or prejudice on the part of an assistant might result in serious loss of sales. In this store the staff were particularly intelligent, so that their views on reasons for success or failure were always worth attention. We discussed nearly every novel jacket in the place, and I got a new respect for the consistently high standards of some of our competitors and some shocks over the shoddy work of others. Undoubtedly the steadiest sellers in a store of this sort are cookery books, in which category nothing seems to fail, and gardening books. Reference books go well, as they do everywhere. Fiction is the most hazardous element, and large stocks showed some unexpected flops. Small wonder that the buyer gives little encouragement to first novels, unless the publishers' imprint guarantees quality and promotion.

Most of this I suppose I knew before or could have ascertained, but I'm glad I did it. At least I have some new friends in the business.

AN AMERICAN PUBLISHER I know very well has been in a mood for giving advice lately, too. He showed me a letter he had written his freshman son, and since it seemed to me to sum up the credo of a book man who really took his job seriously, I persuaded him to let me reprint it here:

My dear Boy:

On my return here from Alumni Day I found the letter to your mother in which there was repeated your thought that you might, when the time came, want to follow book publishing as a career. Naturally, nothing could interest me more, and I'm therefore moved to set down a few comments, as much for the clarification of my own thoughts as for your edification.

In the first place, if such a conviction were spontaneous and sincere, I cannot see that you would have anything to lose by developing yourself to follow it out. You may change your mind a dozen times in the future, or events may conspire compellingly to change it for you. Nevertheless, as I see it, to start right off not only to expose yourself to, but to soak yourself in, those fields of knowledge and of ideas which a good publisher should have at his fingertips would be a worthwhile and delightful form of activity. And the results should make you a fuller and consequently a happier man, no matter what you do eventually. In speaking of the pleasures of this program don't think I'm glossing over its difficulties, but I mean that, judging by my own taste, it would offer rich satisfaction.

Well, you must be getting tired of these generalities. More specifically, here are a few of the things I think a good publisher ought to be, and no one, believe me, knows better than I do how woefully short of the standard I myself fall. In self-defense I can only say that I wasted many years before getting started. Anyway, you have the jump on me in more ways than one, so here goes:

1. A good bookman. He should know the great books of the past, as well as the important recent ones. He should be a sound judge of quality; his taste should be catholic, his prejudices held down to a minimum. He should have genuine literary ideals, for his privilege and his fundamental duty, too, is to serve good books—probably the most beautiful and enduring links in the chain of human communication—truly and faithfully. He should know languages, not only so as to read foreign books in the original, but because of the added apprehension that other tongues give him of English. He should have a broad knowledge of the liberal arts, in order to appraise with at least some degree of intelligence the value of the countless viewpoints which will pass over his desk in manuscript form.

2. A good businessman. He should have ideas, energy, and a certain keenness for the market-place—in other words, for what will sell. Unless he can operate at a profit even substantial capital will waste away and he won't be in business very long. This is a truism, but quite a few precious young dilettantes who haven't realized it are now out of the picture, complete with tweeds, pipes, and airedales. And it isn't too easy: competition is stiff, profits are seldom very large, and overhead has a habit of growing and growing. Nevertheless, as has been proved time and again, it can be done.

3. A good mixer. Ideas for books, and books themselves, spring from all kinds of people—from duchesses to ditch-diggers. And a good publisher ought to feel professional kinship with all of them and be equally at home in their society. He should be able to find a clear road to the core of a writer's mind, for how otherwise can he give the counsel and encouragement that are apt to convert that writer into a staunch supporter of his house?

So, assuming the above to make some sense, it would seem that one ought to do the following:

1. Study hard and read over a wide range, to develop a tough, disciplined, and well-informed intellectual equipment.

2. Learn as much as he can about business, especially advertising and publicity, accounting, selling, and office system and management. Needless to say, I'll be glad to discuss fully with you the possibilities of acquiring such training. We can also talk about opportunities to learn about proofreading, book-design, and manufacture.

3. Know and associate with people of as many "classes" and types as possible. Try and get inside their heads. Like them; you will, in surprisingly many cases, if you can spot and bring out their best points. Don't relax your own standards, but be humble or at least tolerant with others.

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And now, to look at the thing a bit more broadly, let me tell you very briefly what I really think of publishing itself. That it has serious disadvantages is undeniable: the financial rewards are apt to be very modest in proportion to the capital and effort invested, and mistakes are apt to be both heartbreaking and expensive. There is much of what many people might term the drudgery of infinite detail. And the demands on one's time and thought are unpredictable and insatiable; five-thirty is quitting time in name only. On the other hand, *if it's what you love*, there's nothing like it. All the disagreeable features then fall into the picture as pieces of a large, and—if you won't think me oratorical—a noble, pattern. "Drudgery" has a purpose and meaning, and the fact that your personal life is not your own is simply the *quid pro quo*, willingly given, for the right to serve in the great fellowship of books. And, on the positive side, publishing means pleasant association with like-minded people within the organization, and with innumerable varieties of individuals, many of them cockeyed but nearly all of them stimulating, outside it. It gives one, too, a certain ex-officio standing among people interested in ideas which, if intelligently developed, can often lead into unexpected and fascinating directions.

To sum up, therefore, I think you take no risk in preparing yourself. If you change your mind, well and good; you won't have been wasting your time; anyway, right now is your time for experimentation. And later, if the idea grows on you till it has the force of a genuine conviction, it seems to me that the hope of someday becoming a member of my firm—a firm of which we are all very proud—would furnish an exciting enough objective for anyone's life. As to my own attitude towards the possibility—of course, I can't speak for my partners—it would almost all depend on you. If you weren't so hot, the idea wouldn't be either. If, on the contrary, you really knew your stuff and had something on the ball, why, wonderful! Nothing could please me more, or even as much.

So there's the dope, as straight as I can give it to you. It may not be right, but it's what I believe. I hope it may be of some use to you now, as I think it may well be to both of us, one of these days. Good luck!

Affectionately yours,
Dad. . . .

GOOD ADVICE is a fine thing to have, of course, but sometimes it doesn't work out just right. Herb Stein, for instance, writes of a beautiful young hopeful in Hollywood who was assured by her agent, "The only thing you need to land a fat contract at Paramount is better posture. Learn to walk correctly and you're in." So the girl went to an expensive school and spent her days walking up and down with a book balanced on her head. The day after she graduated, Paramount bought the book.

—BENNETT CERF.

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The Saturday Review of Literature

Subversion: The Old Story

ELMER DAVIS

Elmer Davis

THE RECORD shows that in every crisis of our history the United States has been simply sodden with treason—or with sedition and disloyalty which escaped being treason only because of the narrowness of the Constitutional definition. Yet the Republic has survived. What is more, no one has ever been put to death for treason against the United States. John Brown and his followers were hanged for treason against Virginia, which they had not committed, since not being residents of that state they owed it no allegiance; not for the treason against the United States which they certainly had committed. Nobody else has ever been hanged for it either, yet the Republic has survived.

Nor were all our traitors or near-traitors small fry. They include a former Vice President of the United States, a former Secretary of State, and a commanding general of the Army—though not the ones whose names may suggest themselves to students in the Pegler-Lewis-O'Donnell school of historiography. None of these men was ever convicted; ex-Vice President Aaron Burr escaped because John Marshall, the judge, and John Randolph, the foreman of the grand jury, both hated President Jefferson, who was trying to get Burr—and because the evidence then available was not conclusive. If they had known what was not to be discovered till decades later, in foreign archives, about Burr's approaches to the British and Spaniards (as later he approached the French) they would certainly have found him guilty of something; but it is doubtful if they could have found him guilty of treason. Burr's trial "revealed the incredible weakness in the American doctrine of treason embodied in the Constitution"; he had plotted war against the United States but had not got around to actually levying it; he had approached foreign governments with proposals that they invade the United States, but since they never actually did so they never became "enemies" to whom he could have given aid and comfort.

Ex-Secretary of State Timothy Pickering, after betraying the President he was supposed to serve, spent the rest of his life trying to detach New England from the Union, and perhaps to reattach it to Old England—an enterprise which failed, it has been suggested, because George Cabot was too lazy to undertake the work necessary to carry it out. (Or maybe also because the ordinary people of New England, still to some extent disfranchised, took a different view; after all, they supplied most of the recruits for the regular regiments with which Jacob Brown and Winfield Scott won victories on the Niagara frontier.) Yet while Pickering and his friends had certainly given aid and comfort to the enemies of the United States in wartime, they were probably not technically guilty of treason, for they did not "adhere" to those enemies in the sense of taking their orders; they just did it because they liked it. The same distinction was glaringly evident in 1942-45.

AS for General James Wilkinson, his misbehavior, too, was not to become fully known until the Spanish archives were explored a century later, though many people, notably John Randolph, arrived at a correct estimate of his character without that. He was undoubtedly the most brilliant expert in the double and triple cross that this continent has ever produced. Compared to him Judas Iscariot was a

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man whom you would gladly entrust with the guardianship of your children and the administration of your estate. Yet he was not a traitor by Constitutional definition. He played with Burr but double-crossed him in time; while he commanded the United States Army he was on the payroll of Spain and earned his Spanish salary; but we were only in a cold war with Spain, not a shooting war, so he was adhering to no declared enemy. He betrayed everyone who ever trusted him; yet he might have become the national hero by conquering Montreal and Quebec if he had not been as incompetent as he was corrupt.

Greater names than these are at least tangent to the record. Trying to find some defense against the partisan ferocity of the Alien and Sedition Laws (which were administered, if they were not enacted, so as to give the Federalists a chance to win an election which they had small hope of winning without them), Thomas Jefferson and James Madison devised the Kentucky and Virginia Resolutions. The Federalists lost the election, and would probably have lost it anyway, but Jefferson and Madison had announced the doctrine of nullification, with at least an implication of secession. It had not yet been determined who should interpret the meaning of the Constitution; their theory that the states should interpret it had some plausibility and was certainly not then seditious. But their authority had been given to a doctrine which was tentatively fingered by the irresolute New England secessionists of 1814 and picked up by the Southern secessionists of 1860.

The attack of Congressman Abraham Lincoln on the Mexican War and the Administration that was conducting it also justified secession and revolution. Aside from that it was regarded then, and would be regarded now, only as an intemperate but legitimate exercise of the right of free speech, calling for no punishment except that which it actually incurred—his defeat for reelection. But by the criterion laid down fifteen years later by President Abraham Lincoln in his letter to Erastus Corning, it was treason.

It is an amazing record; even if you have known all the parts of the story their assemblage into a whole will raise your hair. Nathaniel Weyl, who has assembled them in a new book,* is an economist with a background of Government service, civilian as well as military. He seems to have drawn entirely from secondary sources and he offers no footnotes or bibliography, but from the frequent quotations in the text it would appear that his sources are usually the best, in so far as an amateur is competent to judge.

And he has a healthy distaste for treason, whatever its excuse. He recognizes that Thomas Dorr's treason to Rhode Island, for which he was long imprisoned, was committed in an excellent cause; still he thinks Dorr went about it the wrong way, even though there seemed no Constitutional method of redress. He appreciates the grievances of the whisky rebels of Western Pennsylvania in 1794 and the ludicrous aspects not only of their rebellion but of Alexander Hamilton's punitive expedition against them; still he thinks Hamilton on the whole was right to seize the opportunity to demonstrate the power of the national Government, and that it was slipshod administration, rather than malice, that gave his enemies an excuse for saying that he provoked the rebellion. (Our Government was new in those days, remember; it would now be regarded as an administrative irregularity for the Secretary of the Treasury to take effective command of an army going out to put down a rebellion, even if the rebels' crime was their refusal to pay taxes. I do not suppose John Snyder would dream of doing such a thing, colonel in the Reserve though he be.)

Mr. Weyl detests not only treason but most traitors, with two singular exceptions—John Brown and Tokyo Rose. John Brown's motives were noble; the one of the six Tokyo Roses who was convicted of treason had an excuse in the fact that her parents had been victims of the outrageous treatment of the Japanese and Japanese-American population of the Pacific Coast. The logic of this is hard to follow. Other traitors had excuses, and if these two had had their way what would have been the result? John Brown would have provoked a slave insurrection, perhaps on the Haitian model, and would have split the United States; if the cause Tokyo Rose was paid to serve had triumphed the Japanese thought-police, of whom she complained, might now be bothering us.

The question of motive was of course paramount morally, if not legally, in the Civil War. It had never been decided, until it was decided by the *ultima ratio*, whether a man's primary loyalty was to his state or to the nation. Robert E. Lee and Jubal Early didn't want Virginia to leave the Union, yet when it went out they felt obligated to go out with it; from the Confederate viewpoint the traitors were such men as Winfield Scott and George Thomas, Farragut and Andrew Johnson. From the viewpoint which ultimately prevailed all Confederates were traitors; but, Mr. Weyl observes, since it was obviously nonsense to indict them all, "a vast and dangerous discretionary power fell into the hands of the Attorney General's office"—the power to pick and choose. Many small fry were indicted, at sundry times and in divers places, but none was ever hanged; none of the leaders in secession, logically the most guilty, was even indicted with the exception of Jefferson Davis, and eventually the Government had the good sense to drop the case against him.

WHETHER the Confederates were guilty was a matter of Constitutional interpretation, but there was no doubt, thinks Mr. Weyl, about the Northern Copperheads, who lacked the excuse of a divided allegiance. Thousands of them went to jail, often on no specific charges; many were convicted of treason or other crimes, but none was ever hanged. Some of them, sentenced to be hanged, got off by the Supreme Court's decision in the case of Milligan—not because Milligan did not deserve to be hanged, but because he had been tried and sentenced by a military court in a state where the civil courts were functioning unimpeded. The decision was immensely important; "it stripped from future Presidents the power to suspend the civil rights of American citizens everywhere in the nation on the

(*Continued on page* 37)

*TREASON: The Story of Disloyalty and Betrayal in American History. By Nathaniel Weyl. Washington: Public Affairs Press. 491 pp. $4.50.

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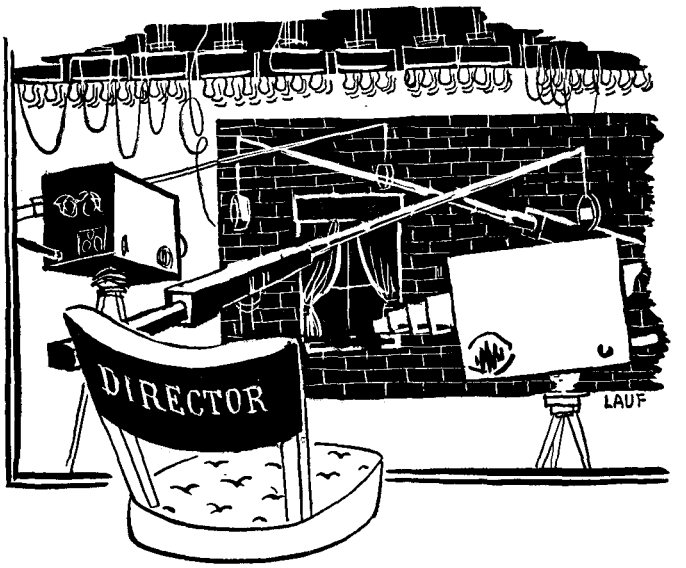
Our Movies Speak for U.S.

SAMUEL GOLDWYN



EDITOR'S NOTE: *Samuel Goldwyn, pioneer motion-picture producer, with such outstanding films to his credit as "The Best Years of Our Lives" and "Wuthering Heights," was recently voted the best producer in the sound-film field in a poll by the* Daily Variety, *Hollywood, Calif. Although he does not belong to the Motion Picture Association of America, Inc., he is generally regarded as "Hollywood's loyal opposition." It is in that capacity that Mr. Goldwyn continues the running debate on American movies abroad that began with "The Free Ride" editorials* [SRL *Jan.* 21, 28, *Feb.* 4] *and that included the rejoinder "Messengers from a Free Country," by Eric Johnston, in* SRL *Mar.* 4.

AN ANGRY reader storms into the sedate office of Dean Acheson in the State Department in Washington, tosses a copy of *The Saturday Review of Literature* on his desk, and says:

"Mr. Secretary, you must take steps to prevent export of this periodical! It gives a distorted view of American literary life! It is undermining the work of the Voice of America—which costs us millions!"

The visitor then points meaningfully at such items as these in the PERSONALS columns:

"College boy, bored with normality, craves erudite correspondence, Box 406-B."

"Business gal, not old, not young, seeks correspondence, matters adventurous, romantic. Box 382-B."

If any screen writer brought such a scene to me, I would edit it (and him) right out of my motion picture. Why? Because it would be an absurdly "distorted" picture of *The Saturday Review* obviously representing only a surface glance.

What about the contributions by Norman Cousins (even on the subject of Hollywood)? Or Harrison Smith? Or Bennett Cerf? Or John Mason Brown? Or the urbane quality of William Rose Benét's page? Or the rounded picture of the American literary scene in the weekly reviews? Only altogether can one objectively and completely view *The Saturday Review of Literature.*

What has all this to do with Mr. Cousins's recent criticism of Hollywood and its export of films?

I consider myself no amateur critic of the motion picture. Since virtually the beginning of the American film industry, as we know it, I have hardly been reticent about my evaluations of our production efforts, in the hope of bettering them. In fact, on occasion, I have been called "Hollywood's Loyal Opposition" by my friends—and perhaps many other things by those who disagree with me.

But one who has devoted a lifetime of effort to the development, both domestically and internationally, of the American film cannot but pause at Mr. Cousins's statements that "there is no way of knowing how much Russia spends for her propaganda against the United States, but it would seem she is foolish to spend anything as long as Hollywood continues to give her a free ride." And his basic question: do our movies accurately reflect, or do they distort, America and Americans to the world?

Obviously, Mr. Cousins, in his critical purpose, meant to get down to fundamentals. However, when a serious critic thus projects so important a problem as judging the distortion of a portrait, perhaps we should first gaze intently at the subject, viewed in the original, before passing judgment on the alleged distortion.

In considering any accusation of distortion in the reflection of America, it is our country—not our movies—to which we must look. America is everything! Some people abroad may see it only through the pages of *The Saturday Review* or *Harper's* or *The Atlantic Monthly.* But there are also *The Reader's Digest* and *The Saturday Evening Post*—and *Collier's, Life, Look, True Story*—and *Real Romance*—and *Dazzling Detective Story*—and hundreds more among magazines of every shade of value.

A foreign observer may consider *The New York Times* to tower majestically among America's newspapers; but others may prefer the *New York Herald Tribune* or the *New York Daily News* or the *Chicago Tribune*—or countless other daily papers. Altogether they go to make up journalistic America. Each, without fear or favor, may be sent abroad, with or without comic strips.

Short-wave listeners abroad may listen to Norman Corwin or they may tune in on endless hours of soap opera. Only the serious and consistent short-wave listener can qualify, however, as a true critic of America's sum-total of radio.

IN principle, therefore, it cannot be a question of what one man or more may judge to be "good or bad movies." Rather, it is more basic: should *anyone* (whether Governmental or intra-industry) have the right to decide whether certain of our motion pictures be chosen or rejected for export to foreign countries on political instead of on strictly entertainment grounds?

If on a political basis, "distortion" can become anything with which one may disagree. If on an entertainment basis, we must consider (1) whether, in the sum-total, there is not a reflection of the America that we live in, dramatically expressed; (2) if there is sufficient acceptable entertainment value to insure that people everywhere will keep coming to the theatres—which, after all, is the purpose of making motion pictures.

It is difficult for me to see how any

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American can be a party to a political basis for selection or rejection of motion pictures for export—or of books—or of magazines—or of newspapers—or of any other product which stems from a literary idea. Today we may have one foreign policy, one propaganda theme; but tomorrow we may have another! Who is wise enough to decide which is right? Must the Congressional opposition accept our foreign policy or be "distorters"?

A distorted picture of American life might well be any one aspect of it, taken alone. Our way of life can be as dishonestly portrayed if one shows only sweetness and light, as if one would present America only as a haven for gangsters.

This is America! We have all types here. We still have the good—and the gangster—today. We have wealth and gadgets for many, but poverty for others. It is our misfortune but we recognize it as the truth. As a free people, dare we hide from the world the ugly and show only the good? That would appear to be borrowing from the technique of totalitarians. Even so clever a master as Herr Goebbels eventually failed with this technique.

I may not prefer gangster films myself. Yet I would hesitate to say that "Public Enemy Number One" and "Little Caesar" did not contribute something in shaking America out of its complacency about an era of which we Americans can well be ashamed. Should we delete this tragic period from our exportable history books? Should honest scholars erase from their notebooks, when they travel abroad, the fact that Al Capone ruled Chicago, USA, with as firm a hand once as Mr. Stalin does the Kremlin today?

One cannot consider any such type of restrictions of exports of American films without further examining the idea-export situation. Should the Tass correspondent be banned from the Congressional Press Gallery because his biased reportorial cables reflect deliberately the demagogue rather than the statesman? Should we ask the Associated Press, the United Press, the International News Service, and Reuters to submit to censorship (whether Governmental or self-imposed) to decide what news may—or may not—be revealed to foreign peoples?

Or could it be that, despite one-sided banner headlines cabled by Tass to the Soviet, the results of our elections speak more eloquently about the majority views of the American people on Henry Wallace?

The film industry has had two tragic laboratories—World War I and World War II.

In the early days of our entry into the First World War I was among a group of American film producers summoned to the White House by President Wilson. He asked us urgently to rush as many of our pictures as possible to France to give heart to the French people—to let them know the nature of their new ally. Our pictures were there even before our troops arrived! In World War II films were an important factor on both sides. The enemy persisted in giving his own people as well as the vanquished a "selected film program"—designed for political, not entertainment, purposes. Why was one of Hitler's first acts on assuming power the barring of American films from Germany? Mussolini did the same. It is the totalitarian pattern in war or in peace.

ON our side, we sent teams of trained film-men with our forward troops to exhibit our entertainment motion pictures on the screens of liberated cities as fast as possible. One such American team was with the First U. S. Army when it entered Cherbourg with General J. Lawton Collins. Within a few hours the movie houses of that French city, burdened for years under Hitlerian rule (and films), were packed with Frenchmen cheering Clark Gable and Betty Grable.

Hollywood films were exportable as part of the "Arsenal of Democracy" and were administered by the Psychological Warfare Division of the Army itself as weapons of war.

Take the postwar period. A qualified friend recently motored through the countryside of Italy and saw that almost every marquee featured American films—Westerns, adventure films, musicals, all kinds. He stopped at theatre after theatre and talked with the Italian exhibitors. Here is the consensus:

"Our people have just gone through a life of hell. We are rebuilding our cities, working our factories and farms day and night. Our people have no fun—no way to relax. All day and night propaganda is pounded at them. If it isn't the Kremlin then it's your own Voice of America! But, for a few pennies, your Hollywood films give our people a little escape from the drudgery of every-day life. It is perhaps our greatest tonic!"

And one Italian theatre-owner added: "Have you ever seen a Soviet film? They preach the theory of the State running the man. Italy has just gone through a generation of that under Mussolini. We want *entertainment*!"

How many American films are exhibited on the Red side of the Iron Curtain? Would it not seem logical for the shrewd men of the Politburo to show American films to their people if these films, virtually alone, offset the Voice of America? Would not the Kremlin instruct their agents abroad to encourage to the fullest the showing of American films everywhere?

The American film industry finds it very difficult to show its films in Soviet countries. Yet on those rare occasions when one of our films does man-

—The Museum of Modern Art Film Library.

"Public Enemy Number One"—"who is wise enough to decide?"

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age to penetrate they play to long lines of people who wait hours for the opportunity, while, across the street, Soviet films play to empty houses. This is no casual statement but a documented fact!

There has never been a truer or more immediate democracy than the boxoffice. One cannot scorn the decision of the audiences themselves, with their quarters, shillings, lire, francs, and kopeks. No producer can long exist who does not receive a "majority vote" from his audiences, expressed in tickets sold. That is—if unsubsidized entertainment is to remain our basic American purpose.

No law has ever been found strong enough to force people to go to a movie theatre. They go because they want to; they go because they hope and expect to be entertained. And if they stay away that producer who has guessed too wrong is just "voted out of office."

The American film made possible the building of 90 per cent of the movie theatres throughout the world. The American film has kept these theatres going. The American film everywhere attracts long lines and queues, paying their own money, seeking their own choice of screen entertainment. Foreign films play these theatres abroad, too. But they rarely exceed in number their local Governmental quota. Democratic foreign governments have tried to "protect" their own film industries by fighting our Hollywood "entertainment know-how," by legislative quotas. Today many may remember only that there is now a "hard-currency" problem as the motivation. But if one looks back one can find foreign film quotas long before dollars became scarce in the world. England, which increased its quota restrictions on showing of American films within the last two years, has demonstrated to its own exhibitors and audiences in that time that its motion-picture houses could well use a more full measure of Hollywood motion pictures.

Hollywood needs no apology for its overall record. Like any other creative endeavor, it needs only remember constantly to take stock of itself more often—thus to keep striving for better pictures. The 1949-50 product of Hollywood, taken as a whole, has been a tremendous advance over past years. However, we still cannot argue with the serious critic who maintains there will always be plenty of room for improvement.

But—so is there room for improvement in our American books, magazines, plays, refrigerators, planes, locomotives, breakfast foods, radio, television—everything from automobiles to zippers.

Our Films Speak for Hollywood

NORMAN COUSINS

IT IS doubtful if anyone can speak more authoritatively than Mr. Goldwyn on the history, the problems, and the policies of the motion-picture industry. We are grateful to him for his good-natured reply to our editorials on the damaging impression of America being created abroad by the movies that come from America.

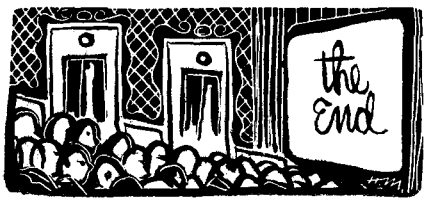
The main point of Mr. Goldwyn's article is that the motion picture must always be regarded by its makers as a medium of entertainment and not as a vehicle of propaganda. He is opposed to political censorship of films.

We agree. In fact, our article emphasized that we did not believe censorship offered any answer to the problem we described. Mr. Goldwyn will forgive us if we restate that problem here, for we are afraid that he did not address himself to the main point of our editorials. The problem is that a damaging and false conception of America is being created by our films abroad. This, we submit, is an objective statement around which considerable evidence can be marshaled. If the statement is false, then let the evidence be produced. It is no evidence to say that American films must not propagandize, for they already have a negative propaganda effect.

My own position in this debate has been stated and re-stated. I am sure *SRL* readers and Mr. Goldwyn would welcome some fresh opinions.

Let's begin with J. P. McEvoy, the well-known writer, who has had considerable experience in Hollywood. Mr. McEvoy describes a recent visit to Hong Kong:

"In the three principal theatres the feature pictures were American. The audiences were overwhelmingly Chinese and I couldn't help cringing as I sat there with them and saw unrolled on those screens exaggerated tales of violence and gunplay. . . . All over Hong Kong you heard the familiar Communist propaganda about the 'corruption and degeneracy of American democracy.' And then along come the Hollywood movies, written by Americans and made in America. . . . Well, all you have to do is sit in a foreign theatre . . . with Frenchmen in France and Italians in Italy and Latins in any country in South America, and the only America you see over and over, week after week, is the America I've just described. If these films even carried a foreword that said: 'This is not a picture of the American way of life but a fiction story based on a small segment of the American scene which, unfortunately, can be matched in any country,' even that would help."



The reasons for Hollywood's popularity abroad, Mr. McEvoy adds, are obvious: the American film is a "superbly competent piece of entertainment," with "tempo, pace, and a vitality that hypnotize and enchant people everywhere."* And it is precisely because of the excellence of the film as entertainment that it becomes all the more effective as a distorted projection of America.

BUT Mr. Goldwyn contends that the movies, taken as a whole, reflect American life. Would he consider specific evidence to the contrary gathered by the Common Council for American Unity? The Council recently published a study under the title "European Beliefs Regarding the United States," under the direction of Henry Lee Munson. The survey relied on three sources of information: (1) a questionnaire answered by 1,702 qualified observers of opinion in European countries; (2) responsible letters from Europeans to Americans, together with interviews and comments; (3) a study of published material and reports on public opinion in Europe.

More comments were made on the subject of American movies than on any other—which is only natural in view of the estimate, made by Eric Johnston, incidentally—that 110,000,000 Europeans see American movies each week. "The overwhelming majority," the survey says, "indicated that American motion pictures are creating much unfavorable sentiment towards the United States." Many comments referred to Hollywood in such terms as "America's worst imaginable ambassador" and as "convincing increas-

*Quotations from Mr. McEvoy reprinted by permission of the McNaught Syndicate.

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ing numbers of Europeans that America consists of gangsters, sadists, pin-up girls, cowboys, and skyscrapers.

Too many Europeans, the survey revealed, regarded Americans as a gangster-ridden, superficial people with no spiritual values. "It is no wonder," the report comments, "that many Europeans doubt the emergence of the necessary moral and spiritual leadership from people such as they believe us to be."

Researchers working on the survey made a point of speaking to many Europeans who had visited the United States and were able to check their first-hand impressions against earlier impressions created primarily by the motion picture.

I should like to commend this objective study to the serious consideration of the leaders of the motion-picture industry. It is difficult for me to believe that they are actually convinced no special problem abroad exists, or that the sum total of our movies speak for America. Nor can I follow the logic which holds that because the American motion picture must not lend itself to propaganda it must devote itself, in the vast majority of its films, to idiotic stereotypes. Do we avoid propaganda only by going in heavily for cheap violence, cheap emotions, cheap ideas? Does Hollywood contend the emphasis on Westerns, gang-

(*Continued on page* 34)

Shakespeare. *And still they come—more books about the life and works of William Shakespeare! Definite figures are wanting, but it seems likely that the torrent of Shakespearean scholarship of the past biennium surpasses, quantitatively, that of any comparable period. Happily, the quality has been high. Marchette Chute's "Shakespeare of London" has impressed many critics as one of the finest biographies of the playwright ever published, while Leslie Hotson's "Shakespeare's Sonnets Dated," also reviewed below, advances a thesis which, if sustained, will necessitate a reevaluation of his poetic development. The Bard is also causing writers to hazard humor and speculative fancy—viz., Brahms's and Simon's "No Bed for Bacon" and Duff Cooper's "Sergeant Shakespeare."*

Before He Became "The Bard"

SHAKESPEARE OF LONDON. By Marchette Chute. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 397 pp. $4.

By Oscar James Campbell

THIS attractive volume is probably the best of all the "lives" of Shakespeare that have recently been pouring from the press. It displays many of the delightful qualities that distinguished the author's "Geoffrey Chaucer of England." Its virtues are many.

Miss Chute has been wise enough to limit the volume's scope. It deals with only those aspects of Elizabethan life that touched the dramatist intimately, and accords the fullest treatment to the little world of the theatre in which Shakespeare forged his successful career as theatre-owner, producer, actor, and playwright. The book is reliable social history. Every fact that has found a place in the author's pictures of a vanished world has been culled from well-authenticated documents, and all of them have been enlivened by the author's vivacity and grace.

Miss Chute has traversed most of the highways and byways of Elizabethan literature with a keen eye for picturesque and significant detail. She is expert in using a fact in a forgotten volume or a quaint phrase from the pen of a neglected author to bring to life the brief moment of the past that is her immediate concern.

The town of Stratford and John and William's part in its affairs have never been more deftly presented. The author contrives for us to follow the seven-year-old William as he walks from his house down Henley Street to the Market-Cross and, turning to the right, trudges two long blocks to the Guild Hall. We climb with the reluctant schoolboy to the second story of the building to the schoolroom directly above the Council Chamber. We hear him called to his book by the same bell that summoned his father to the monthly meeting of the Council in the Hall below.

Miss Chute knows the women, who formed an important part of the audiences, gathered at the Globe Theatre. She reminds us that John Florio in his English-Italian conversation book included under advice on "how to speak to a damsel" a useful sentence on "how to invite her to the theatre to see a comedy." And she suggests that Beatrice and Rosalind share a lively interest in sex with "the women in

THE AUTHOR: In suburban Minneapolis if her mood went awry, Marchette Chute used to reach for an ax and make for the woodpile. Nine years in Manhattan, however, find her a singularly serene spirit, a slender young woman who breathes deeply of metropolitan monoxide and says, "Ah!" Ah, too, for the still simple life with her mother and sister Joy (the novelist B. J. Chute), who bake and break bread in a railroad flat in the East Seventies, a Czechoslovakian neighborhood, and yearn not for their 300 acres back home. About her scholarship (B.A. Minnesota) Marchette is equally unpretentious: "The fact that I knew nothing about Shakespeare's life was a tremendous advantage in writing about him." With little to unlearn, and a backlog of interim royalties from "Geoffrey Chaucer of England," "The Search for God," and a trio of personally illustrated juveniles, she plunged with the New England industry that is her heritage into the jig-saw kind of research that is her delight. "After I had done three years' work and expanded a skeleton outline into a 40,000-word draft," she says, "I discovered that I would never be able to write a satisfactory biography of Shakespeare until the mass of material that dates after 1642 was discounted as unreliable and not included in the body of the book. This was the year that the Puritan Parliament closed all the theatres in England, and the world of the theatre as Shakespeare knew it was destroyed. The men of the Restoration were not scholars and they made no effort to find out the truth. Their statements, like many since, belong in the realm of conjecture. The decision to use contemporary documents only has resulted in a book that is quite unlike any other now in print." And if after reading it there still be Baconians and Oxfordians, the author will be glad to debate them. In the meantime the Chutes are off for a two months' tour of England, and then maybe she'll try what she calls her "carpentry" on Ben Jonson. —R. G.

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Shakespeare's audience who sat and laughed at dirty jokes."

One of the most effective passages in the volume is the chapter devoted to the necessary preliminaries to a first production of "Romeo and Juliet." The author begins with a description of Brookes's heavily moralized poem, which Shakespeare was to dramatize. She sets the poet to reading the work "with the same steady courtesy that seems to have distinguished all his actions." But when he comes to write his own great play he coolly transforms to his own purpose the entire spirit of the tale. Nothing is left but the bare bones of its plot. Miss Chute follows the author's script through the hands of the copyist, through the "sides" of the actors, to the casting, the choice of the music and the costumes, then to the rehearsals and the advertising. On the way she gives us rich and precise information about those steps—each one necessary in the preparation for the presentation of the tragedy.

Although Miss Chute does not pretend to appraise, except in a cursory fashion, the values of Shakespeare's poetry or of his dramatic art, her incidental critical comments are uniformly sensible and just. She is not tempted to discover reflections of Shakespeare's private life here, there, and everywhere in his works. She does not see what so many biographical zealots continue to see, that Prospero is Shakespeare's self-portrait. Nor does she accept the seductive notion that when Prospero throws away his magic wand and returns to Italy he thereby becomes the image of the playwright leaving the London theatre and returning to Stratford. Concerning this identification Miss Chute sagely remarks, "It is doubtful that anything so pretentious would have occurred to Shakespeare, especially since he was an objective artist and not in the habit of suddenly inserting pieces of autobiography into his plays." One may cavil at certain of the author's hurried observations, especially in connection with the tragedies. Yet in the midst of her somewhat perfunctory criticism appear such telling comments as the following: "'Macbeth' is a tragedy that is the color of blood and moves as steadily as the coming of darkness." Miss Chute can often command an effective phrase.

She is sometimes unwary in her interpretation of the evidence—as when she assumes that "Shakespeare broke with his wife, Anne, within two or three years of his marriage" and that in London he was always a lodger in some other man's house. The fact is that Shakespeare was himself a householder in the Parish of St. Helen in the year 1596. The high taxes assessed against his dwelling show that it was commodious enough to provide ample quarters for his family of five. There is no proof on earth that they did not live with him. It is only logical to assume that they did. We know also that Shakespeare's boy, Hamnet, died near the close of 1596 and that the poet then moved to lodgings in Southwark. These facts clearly suggest that Anne and her children may have followed William to London as soon as he could find a house large enough for them, but that Hamnet's death convinced the parents that the city was an unsuitable place in which to rear children. Accordingly Shakespeare sent his wife and two little girls back to Stratford and bought for them one of the finest properties in town.

Occasionally Miss Chute misreads the evidence and even falls into a few errors of fact, but these are really minor blemishes on an otherwise excellent piece of imaginative scholarship.

The truth is that in "Shakespeare in London" Marchette Chute succeeds brilliantly in the task she set for herself. She has written a learned, wise, and vastly entertaining book about the colorful life of Shakespeare's world. The volume should become the cherished possession of everyone who takes delight in the works of our greatest poet.

Oscar James Campbell, professor of English at Columbia University, is author of "Shakespeare's Satire" and other works on the Bard of Avon.

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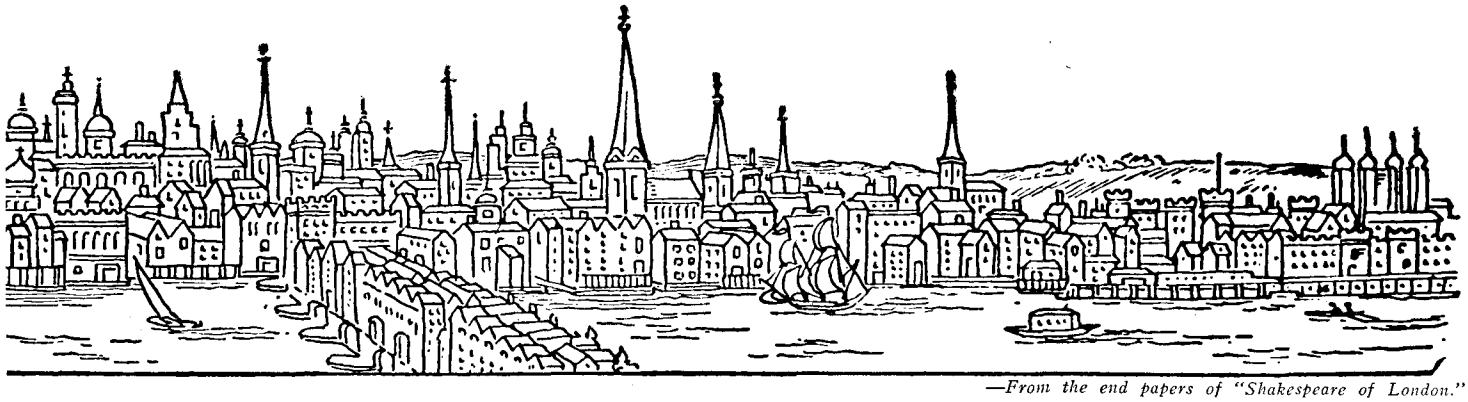

—From the end papers of "Shakespeare of London."

W. S. in Armor

SERGEANT SHAKESPEARE: A Speculation on the Hidden Years of the Poet's Life. By Duff Cooper. New York: The Viking Press. 96 pp. $2.50.

By Esther Cloudman Dunn

SHAKESPEARE writes accurately and realistically enough about soldiering—in all ranks from private to "brass hat"—to support a "speculation" that he may have been in France with Leicester's armies in those "lost" years between 1585 and 1592. This is the wittily supported contention of a distinguished British twentieth-century soldier and statesman, the Rt. Hon. Sir Alfred Duff Cooper, D.S.O. 1919 and in the Second World War, still fighting, though this time not from the trenches but as Minister of Information and in other crucial offices.

One must judge this spirited trifle on its own terms. Bound in pink and blue, written from Château de St. Firmin, perhaps on a French holiday, it takes the form of a monologue to his wife, née Lady Diana Manners, daughter of the Duke of Rutland. Her ear he is always conscious of; "I see you are beginning to yawn," he says at the opening of one small disquisition.

Shakespeare belongs to the English gentleman as much as to the scholar. If Duff Cooper's argument is sometimes capricious, even contradictory, this defect he would readily admit. It is offset by those areas of peculiar advantage in point of view which belong to a well-read British amateur scholar of family and rich personal experience.

Let us put Duff Cooper's most outrageous inference first and get past it to his good points. He argues that: (1) Shakespeare may have had to leave Stratford in disgrace—the deer-poaching episode is valued, with some cogency, too, for though it is a legend, it is a recurring legend and hence has more authority than a vacuum; (2) England never needed soldiers as she did in just those years, when Leicester was campaigning abroad; (3) if Shakespeare had to get out of Stratford he might easily have resorted to the army; (4) it would be simpler to join up from Kenilworth, Leicester's country place, only thirteen miles away, than to walk to London, ninety miles, and go to the regular recruiting office. This is, frankly, romancing. Though Duff Cooper builds some inferential arguments for Shakespeare's connection with Leicester, the notion that he was in a position to "call in" at Kenilworth and fix it up with My Lord of Leicester in person, has too much of noblesse oblige about it.

But just as the critic is about to crack down on Duff Cooper for this he remembers that the whole book is merely a "speculation." Though this particular way of Shakespeare's getting into the army is, I think, incredible, Duff Cooper does a service to Shakespearian readers by highlighting the fact that his imagination is shot through with the effects of soldiering as it smelt and bled in the last years of the old Queen's reign and the early seventeenth century.

Duff Cooper's new emphasis makes "Henry VI" Part I better reading, freshens our sense of Othello's relationship with Iago, makes the quarrel of Brutus and Cassius in Act IV of "Julius Caesar" "a typical soldier's quarrel." Faulconbridge, Hal, Falstaff, Hamlet, Coriolanus pass through a crackling limelight, generated by the vivid awareness of soldiering and all it implies.

But Shakespeare did not have to go to war in order to write about war, especially in the late Elizabethan world. Getting inside other men's skins, by intuition, was his preeminent gift. This is the underlying reason why the factual argument of this book is not convincing. But read for new light on the lines, and for the sense, too, that Shakespeare belongs not only to the scholar and the classroom, but to the gifted lay reader, this small "speculation" has its place. "Have I convinced you?" Duff Cooper asks his Lady. "I have almost convinced myself."

Esther Cloudman Dunn is author of "The Literature of Shakespeare's England" and "Shakespeare in America."

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Shakespeare Notes

SHAKESPEARE'S SONNETS DATED AND OTHER ESSAYS, by Leslie Hotson. Oxford University Press. $4. Dr. Hotson is the scholar-detective who discovered the circumstances of Marlowe's death. In the dozen research essays he has now collected, most of them devoted to Shakespearean problems, he shows his customary keenness. His theory on the sonnets, which he treats in a long essay, is the most important, for if they were written as early as 1589 they throw new light on Shakespeare's poetic development and on the identity of "Mr. W. H." As to the identity of that mysterious dedicatee (of whom Oscar Wilde wrote an imaginary portrait), Dr. Hotson promises a candidate in the future.

Whether he is solving the disappearance of the dramatist Henry Porter (murdered) or the name of mine host at the Mermaid Tavern or the meaning of one of Mercutio's lines, he pursues his search with a vast knowledge, a rigorous logic, and an enormous gusto. His essays, along with some smaller pieces in an appendix, show that as a scholar he is excellent. So are many others. What distinguishes him, though, is that he sets forth his discoveries with a verve that is infectious. He is an enthusiast as well as a detective, with a lively and humorous way of blowing the dust off old books and documents. His book is caviar for the general public.

—ROBERT HALSBAND.

NO BED FOR BACON; Or, Shakespeare Sows an Oat, by Caryl Brahms and S. J. Simon. Crowell. $3. This is an attempt to write a speculative farce around the character of William Shakespeare, the intrigues of the court of Queen Elizabeth, and some of the more famous figures who prance across the pages of the history of Sweet William's time. The book presents the Bard as a harassed and impecunious scribbler, grinding out sonnets or plays to please a lord or to fill a theatre. Sir Francis Bacon appears, but rather than defending the knight as the real author of the immortal plays, the authors strip the rind from the myth and make him out a lavender lad whose only concern is getting hold of a bed Queen Elizabeth slept in, such articles of furniture being held in high value in the realm.

The notion of rewriting history as farce is mildly diverting for no more than sixty pages—no, no more than fifty, but after that it becomes singularly uninventive and tedious. In fact, it reminds me of nothing so much as the plot of a musical comedy destined to perish in New Haven.

It appears from the jacket that "No Bed for Bacon" is the seventh such historical jape for the authors. It is difficult for me to imagine how they could have been sufficiently encouraged to have gotten this far.

—LEE ROGOW.

THE TIME IS FREE: A Study of Macbeth, by Roy Walker. Macmillan. $2. "The time is free," says Macduff as he enters with Macbeth's head at the end of the play. Mr. Walker's study of the play is a close analysis with three general purposes: to judge the authenticity of some of its disputed scenes, to give a detailed running commentary of the action—especially of the cruxes—and to discover its over-all pattern. In none of these does he come to any startling conclusion but he is a useful companion for the reader of the play, like a teacher leading the class by the method of explication. In this case the explicator is sensitive and sensible and well versed in the modern commentators and editors. In his search for the mythic pattern—which he finds in demonic metaphysics—he relies on medieval theology, which permeated Shakespeare's milieu. He stays closer to the play itself than the myth-seeking scholars who find their pattern in Frazer rather than in the Bible—though both are not incompatible.

—R. H.

Literally Speaking

By George Cole and David West

John Keats: "To Hope"

WHEN by my solitary hearth I sit,
And hateful thoughts enwrap my soul in gloom;
When no fair dreams before my "mind's eye" flit,
And the bare heath of life presents no bloom;
Sweet Hope, ethereal balm upon me shed,
And wave thy silver pinions o'er my head.

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Fiction. *A few modern novelists, from E. M. Forster to Christine Weston, have contributed more to our understanding of India than all of the informative books of factual writers. Miss Weston's latest, "The World Is a Bridge," shows her sensitive appreciation of Hindu and Moslem at the moment when violence and passion were destroying the balance long maintained by the British Empire. Ironically, the scene is laid in the old capital built by Akbar to unite all India. Three other American women writers are reviewed this week. The first novel of Theodora Keogh, "Meg," is the story of an inquisitive girl in a fashionable neighborhood of New York who discovers the facts of life in an unconventional manner. In "Memory and Desire" Leonora Hornblow describes the private hells of Hollywood's oversexed intelligentsia with sympathy and consternation. The most amusing of these novels is Louise Field Cooper's "The Boys from Sharon," in which a matriarchal family is irreverently torn apart.*

Cameo of India, A.D. 1947

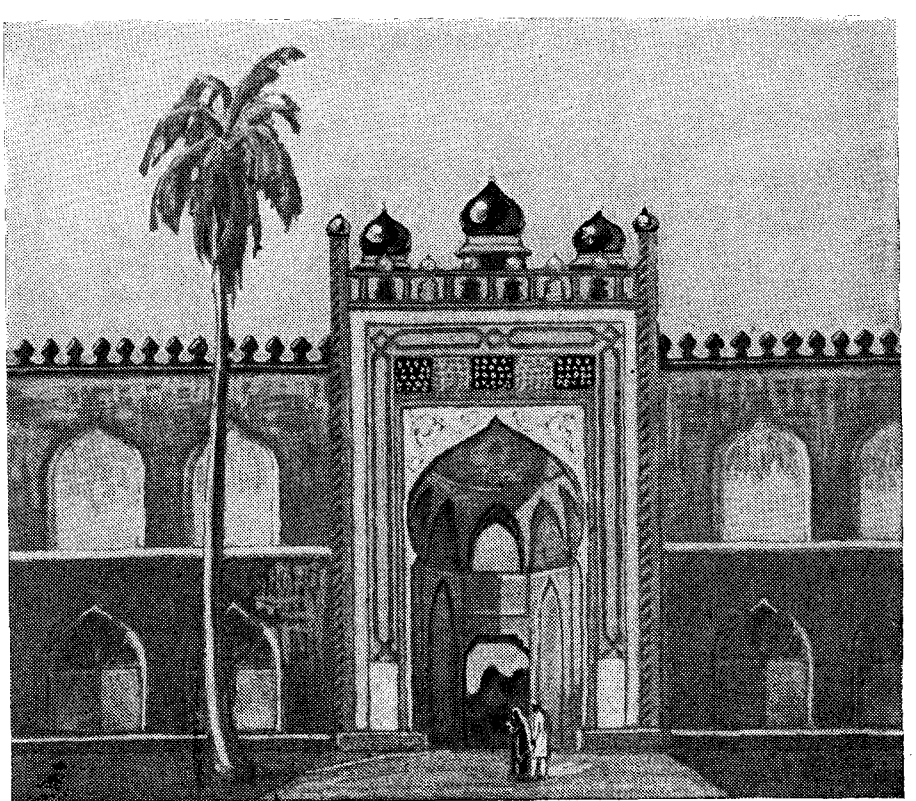
THE WORLD IS A BRIDGE. By Christine Weston. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 276 pp. $3.

By J. G. Hitrec

THE title of this book is part of an inscription at Fatehpur Sikri, the great redstone capital which the Moslem emperor Akbar built to replace the two old capitals, Delhi and Agra, and so symbolize a new single India in which Islam and Hinduism, the unwilling bedfellows of historic necessity, were to try to understand each other and work together. "The world is a bridge," Akbar wrote, quoting Jesus Christ. "Pass over it, and build no house." Akbar, the great consolidator of Moslem conquests in India, was an old man at the time and preparing to cross the bridge himself, confident that his long view was the right one. Yet it was too late even then — there were "houses" everywhere, built of religious prejudice and differences, cluttering the bridge and snarling the traffic. To the Hindus, Moslems, Sikhs, and the others who had built them they were a dear and inalienable possession, and it was no accident that they survived Akbar and his dream-city, now forgotten.

Khatakpur, the scene of much of Christine Weston's novel, is one such house divided against itself—a cameo of India, A.D. 1947. The long arm of heritage and distrust lies over it like a malignant shadow ready at any moment to ripen into a cloud and burst. The British are about to leave the country, Hindus and Moslems are chary about each other and the future. The brave young Indians peopling Miss Weston's story feel their tenuous bonds fraying. Anand, an ambitious but flighty Hindu painter, is the first to succumb—perhaps because he suspects his best friend, a Moslem, of being in love with his wife, Kiran; he joins a militant Hindu society, where his confusion, his frustrations as an artist, are fed and shaped to become anti-Moslem. Firoz, a playwright in his spare time and scion of a well-known Moslem nationalist family, is the finance minister of Khatakpur—a state somewhere on the would-be border of India and Pakistan, then in the making. Firoz would like to discount the portents, partly because he is a modern, and more perhaps because he has been carrying the torch for Anand's wife ever since they grew up together —but the disintegration is relentless and he must in time face it. The strong-willed and realistic Rani of Khatakpur does her unscrupulous utmost to arrest the process, yet even the best scheme works only as long as the people will accept it, and they won't any longer. Her son, Prince Vikram, is of a softer cast and his personal solution is at once simple and effective. When the storm does break on the last pages it is violent enough to make the dreamer of Fatehpur Sikri groan in his magnificent tomb. It is a payoff unprecedented even on the historical scale — both spontaneous and calculated, logical and completely senseless, the ultimate futility of which, paradoxically, only the Hindus and Moslems butchering one another at large can fully know. For to them history was not bunk, but sour grapes irrevocably fermenting.

Miss Weston knows that much of it is not communicable on the rational plane and she has been content to gather the strands and let them snap where they may. Perhaps this scruple accounts for a certain looseness of plot and a muted interrelationship of characters, some of whom do not develop beyond stock Indian types. The vitality and spell of "Indigo" are not as evident as one would wish. Yet "The World Is a Bridge" poses a larger theme than did "Indigo"; it is a work of the imagination in a truer sense. Its many fine insights are a clue to a world of stirring next door with which we are increasingly concerned.



—Jacket design for the book.

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Two Lads & a Shrew

THE BOYS FROM SHARON. By Louise Field Cooper. New York: Harper & Bros. 242 pp. $2.75.

By Josephine Lawrence

NO ONE has ever satisfactorily explained the bossy woman: is she driven to take the reins by the general inertia and passivity of her family? Or are they robbed of their self-reliance and reduced to the spineless state of fillets, as it were, by the pressure of her will to command?

Not even such a master of detail as Louise Field Cooper has clarified this issue in her story of the household dominated by the formidable Mrs. Fanning. The usual family circle consisted of Mrs. Fanning, a widow; her brother, Mr. Howe, a widower; Mr. Howe's daughter, Edith, and two maids, Anna and Catherine. Mr. Howe's contribution to the budget is pathetically simple—he subscribes to the magazines his sister reads. His daughter's position is more complicated and less admirable, for she is young and capable of earning her way. Instead Edith, openly hating her aunt, continues to be dependent upon her for support.

Upon this scene, financially stabilized, the actors ill-assorted, burst the boys from Sharon. The book's title irresistibly suggests a musical comedy and the association is not completely a misfit. These two small visitors, cloaked in insouciance, survey the trivia that block adult progress with magnificent disdain. Lucius, twelve, and George, eight, are the victims of one of those arrangements few children can hope to escape in the course of a normal childhood: a convalescent mother needing rest, a neighborhood epidemic of measles, and the solution is to ask a relative, any relative, to take the children for a week or two. Lucius and George are pegged for a week. To Mr. Howe it seems a month

—*Theodore Haley.*

Louise Field Cooper—"a gallery of portraits, mercilessly lighted."

before seven days have passed and his attitude is not difficult to understand.

For the record of one week spent in the Fanning household will affect the individual reader variously. He may find Edith, the niece, tiresome and tepid, her love for the unattractive museum lecturer unconvincing. Granted that it is natural for a young woman to wash her hair whenever confronted by an emotional crisis, the average girl does not remain dormant between shampoos.

Mrs. Cooper's plot is represented by a thin, frail line and on this she hangs a gallery of portraits, perfectly drawn, mercilessly lighted. The boys have the tints of flesh and blood: Lucius, gentle, sympathetic, able to grieve for a cat dead these fifty years; George, his life dedicated to the preservation of his wind chimes; Anna, the Swedish maid, like so many such women, able to meet a child on his own level; Mr. Howe, without words, wisdom, or desires, and, of course, Mrs. Fanning, typical committee chairman, Exhibit A.

The boys are easily the book's most delightful characters and their conversations a constant temptation to quote. Their reference to their enforced vacation from school as "a hollow day," is uncomfortably close to the truth. Anna's ability to accept them as contemporaries enables Lucius to conduct a dignified dialogue with her while she is soaking her abused feet. And the love story of George and his wind chimes is told with a delicacy as charming as the musical tinkle of those bits of glass.

Mrs. Cooper is obviously devoted to small boys and has known them intimately for a long time. Her interpretations are beautifully done with a supreme skill that leaves no trace—but does anyone believe for a moment that this perceptiveness is a common gift, to be acquired in, say, the experience of a week? No, the author expects too much of Mrs. Fanning.

Solution of Last Week's Double-Crostic (No. 835)

R. KORNGOLD:

TWO FRIENDS OF MAN (The Story of William Lloyd Garrison and Wendell Phillips and Their Relationship with Abraham Lincoln)

"Rarely," he [Wendell Phillips] said, at the Harvard celebration,* "have scholarly men, in this country, as a class, joined in . . . these social movements which make the great interests of society crash and jostle against each other like frigates in a storm."

*June 30, 1881: Centennial anniversary of Phi Beta Kappa at Harvard.

The Decent Damned

MEMORY AND DESIRE. By Leonora Hornblow. New York: Random House. 211 pp. $2.75.

By Evelyn Eaton

THIS is an evocative book about the damned in Hollywood and in New York, those dear, delightful, and, yes, *decent* damned, caught up in the hells they make for themselves and others, swung between memory and desire, talking gaily, acting bravely, sometimes kindly, turning knowledgeable eyes upon each other's motives and mainsprings, enduring public and private tortures imposed on them by their endless permutations and stupid combinations in the spelling of the words "love" and "lust."

For once the publishers have hit upon an accurate blurb to describe the book: "The characters are men and women of the world but not too worldly to love, more often casually, but sometimes seriously, passionately, and even hopelessly. Mrs. Hornblow describes life . . . with wit and rueful understanding."

She does just that. She is a strong and skilful writer, witty, perceptive, not banal. The style and texture of the book are reminiscent of Evelyn Waugh or Dawn Powell ("The Locusts Have No King"). Her characters do convince us that they live and that there are legion like them, more's the pity.

The reasons for which Gordon deserts his wife, Louise, but does not divorce her, and the reasons for which he deserts his best-loved—or perhaps it should be written "most-desired"—mistress, Alma, to go back to his wife, to whom, as to the memory of Alma, he will continue to be unfaithful with a horde of lesser loves, are made to sound inevitable, even scrupulous, of a higher order of morals than the lowest which obtain in Carthage. "To Carthage then I came, where a cauldron of unholy loves sang all about my ears," from St. Augustine's Confessions, is quoted by Mrs. Hornblow. But St. Augustine also said in another place, "What kind of good is that which only makes you worse? For worse you are. Ask of Me better things than these, greater things than these. Ask of Me spiritual things, ask of Me Myself."

Ask better things, for certainly if this is the best that American men and women of the world can make and are making of human relationships, if Gordon and Alma and predatory Jean are in the majority, it cannot matter, much, can it, how late or soon the bomb may fall? We shall have lost our fitness to survive.

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E. 57th St. Tomboy

MEG. By Theodora Keogh. New York: Creative Age Press. 242 pp. $2.75.

By Patricia Highsmith

THEODORA KEOGH is young, but she writes with a skill and command of her material that should set her promptly into the ranks of the finer young writers of today. "Meg" is not a weighty novel but in regard to the human heart it is a profound one.

This is the story of a tomboyish and very much alive little girl who lives at the fashionable end of East Fifty-seventh Street. It is also the story of some ten or fifteen other people who fill Meg's world or who touch upon it. Meg goes to school with little girls more ladylike than herself, whose chauffeurs fetch them home at three o'clock, but at that hour Meg prefers to dash away on roller skates to her other, ruggeder, forbidden world along the East River. Here is olive-skinned Giovanni and redheaded Jack—nearly a man with his changing voice, and a deadeye for sea gulls with his slingshot—Micky and little Dannie, men of action with whom Meg can become blood brothers. Here are the intoxicating smells of salt and oil, sewage and river rats, and the engine throbs of ocean-bound freighters that Meg's venturesome heart cries out to.

Mrs. Keogh takes that most unpliant of neighborhoods around Beekman and Sutton Places as her setting and makes it familiar and alive, a geographic unity. We see it not only through Meg, but through Roberts, the doorman; Bruce, the Cairn terrier; the schoolteacher, Miss Otis; the prostitute, Miss Tracy; Godwyn, the half-cracked janitor, and M'msell, Meg's and her best friend's French governess. Bruce, the terrier, boasts of being able to take himself for airings and does so twice a day, making the rounds of the bar, the butcher shop, and the news store on the block. Miss Tracy yields finally to Jack's thirteen-year-old persistence, in one of the most memorable scenes of the book, and in a fair-and-square manner lets Jack find out what it's all about. In the building where Miss Tracy lives, "a well-proportioned brownstone on a good street," there is also Pamela, who writes arty stories for the smaller magazines, and whose passionate and short-lived friendships include finally the unhappy Miss Otis, who teaches Meg history. The knowledge of this friendship results, somewhat bewilderingly to Meg, in her passing history and being promoted out of the sixth grade.

Theodora Keogh does not write with the metaphysical and tragical undertones of Carson McCullers, with whose episodic technique hers might be compared. There is a pervasive gaiety throughout the prose of "Meg." But, in the case of each character, the author discloses first the hidden core of the personality and proceeds from there outward. Best of the lot is intelligent and kindly Francis Krane, father of one of Meg's schoolmates and a dying cripple, whose sophistication is penetrated by the barb of the innocent and terrible promise of what Meg will become. Of her adult world, he alone understands her, and by a few precious, brief exchanges they perform upon each other the miracles which are known as growth, the evolution of human character, living. Near the end of the book, when Francis Krane sees Meg confidently enter a lion's cage at the circus because she is convinced she is a child of lions, "her clear will was like a cup from which he could not take away his lips." It must be drained, and he stands still, watching. Then Francis Krane makes peace with his own enigmatic world. He can die now without resentment.

Meg herself is a coruscating thing, a denizen of that buried land of childhood which, far from being a small place, claims the whole world for its precinct. She carries a dagger thrust in her belt and for a while answers only to the name of Roland. She baffles and routs a degenerate, who accosts her in an Automat, with a conversational and unperturbed, "Are you a pervert?" Such an admirable personage is she with her banged-up knees, her dirty sweaters, her proud vision of the universe that, remembering one's own childhood, one wishes one had kept more of Meg intact.

—From the jacket of "Meg."

Meg—"a coruscating thing."

Fiction Notes

TOP OF THE WORLD, by Hans Ruesch. Harper. $2.75. Mr. Ruesch looks on life as lived by the Eskimos and finds it fundamentally good. Abundantly so, until misguided missionaries tamper with taboos, inject innocence with evil, and attempt moral judgment. None of it works. Accepted conventions conquer. There's a premium on pretty girls because so many females are killed at birth. The cult of sharing wives along with old meal and wormy fish proves a gracious solution. Promiscuity is as much a part of this icy haute monde as gorging or belching or publicly indulging in primitive acts. But these are Men as opposed to white man and there is dignity in them. They speak little, saving their energy for laughter, loving, fishing, and hunting the bear. They die on their feet, facing death but resenting it so fiercely that they make eternally angry ghosts. And they have the ultimate wisdom never to admit a farewell. There's a great deal to be said for these people. Mr. Ruesch says it movingly, factually, and with a rarefied simplicity.

—Catherine Meredith Brown.

UNTAMED, by Helga Moray. Putnam's. $3. Helga Moray has transplanted to a South African setting a typically Wild West story, with its torrid heroine and dashing hero engaged in unbelievable action. A former stage and screen actress, Miss Moray might have written an entertaining novel, within the limitations of its pattern, had she not been obviously influenced by cinematic sensationalism and banality.

To escape the tragic potato famine in her native Ireland, Katie Kildare, "a lioness of courage" at eighteen, migrates to Capetown with her uxorious husband, Sean, and her faithful nurse, Aggie. They join a Dutch trek across the rugged veldt in search of free land and cheap labor. Attacked by bloodthirsty Zulus, they are rescued in time's nick by the Boer fighter, Paul van Rieback, and his Commando band. While Sean is dying, Paul makes arrogant love to Katie under the scarlet Kaffir bloom.

The remainder of the novel describes Katie's struggle to pin down her elusive lover and to conquer "the fierce, ungovernable South Africa" of a century ago. Like all good heroines of her ilk, she succeeds in both enterprises. Having amassed a fortune in gold, she is taken up by Capetown society, marries a smitten British officer and, in an incredible climax, is reunited with the recalcitrant Dutchman in the diamond fields.

—Ray Pierre.

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Dixie. *The course of historical writing in the United States has been markedly altered by an event that occurred just fifteen years ago: the organization by a group of scholars from below the Mason-Dixon Line of the Southern Historical Association. Through its quarterly, the* Journal of Southern History, *and through several score important books written by its members the Association has inspired a fresh and vigorous reappraisal of the Southland's past. Two works reviewed below reveal the fruits of this reappraisal: E. Merton Coulter's "The Confederate States of America," the seventh volume in a collaborative history of the South, and Clement Eaton's survey, "History of the Old South." One of Dixie's most dashing warriors is the subject of Richard O'Connor's highly readable though not definitive "Hood: Cavalier General." Robert Tallant's "Romantic New Orleanians" is a frequently brilliant addition to E. P. Dutton's fine Society in America Series, begun with Clevelend Amory's "The Proper Bostonians."*

Governing the Rebellion

THE CONFEDERATE STATES OF AMERICA, 1861-1865. By E. Merton Coulter. A History of the South, Vol. VII. Baton Rouge: Louisiana State University Press. 644 *pp.* $7.

By Avery Craven

THE CIVIL WAR looms large in American historical writing but, strangely enough, the Confederacy itself has been neglected. Here for the first time its story is told in detail and in balance. Battles and campaigns, which in the past have been accorded most space, are here treated largely as factors affecting morale. Attention is centered on secession, the establishment and maintenance of a government, the building and supplying of an army, the conduct of Southern men and women under abnormal conditions, and the reasons why their attempt to establish a new nation hopelessly failed.

There is little of the romantic in Professor Coulter's story. The South seceded, he thinks, not because of slavery but in order to maintain its conservative ways against the "progressive modernism" of the North. It was threatened with a colonial status and the increase of democracy. It wanted neither. The Southern movement was, therefore, definitely reactionary. Its leaders made it clear that this was no revolution. They took over the old Constitution and changed it only to bring it back to what they believed was its original intent. They boasted of their aristocratic ways and held more firmly to slavery. They retained the Fourth of July as a holiday. They kept George Washington as a national hero.

The Confederacy started with high hopes and great enthusiasm. Morale was high. War was a possibility but not inevitable. If it came it would certainly be a short war. It would, of course, end in victory because the outdoor Southerner would have little difficulty with a nation of shopkeepers. A new "era of prosperity and happiness unprecedented in the annals of nations" had dawned.

The "honeymoon," however, was soon over. War came, and it did not differ, save in bitterness, from other wars. Filth, hunger, boredom, disease, and death were its chief ingredients. Confederates, moreover, proved to be the same Americans who disliked central governments and who distrusted the ways of commerce and industry. The inability to work with others, which had already torn one nation apart, was still a Southern characteristic. The love of luxury and the belief in inferior and superior classes had not been surrendered. There had been no unanimity of attitude towards secession. There was less now in regard to the problems of war.

Troubles began almost at once. The men of East Tennessee and on the poorer lands in North Carolina, Georgia, and Alabama still loved the union and saw no reason to fight for aristocrats and slavery. The fear of traitors and spies spread rapidly through the land. Neighbor distrusted neighbor. Men lost their faith in the government. President Davis became the object of bitter criticism. His weakness for West Point graduates and red tape did not fit the Southern temper. The Congress opposed him and the people and the press opposed both of them. Regardless of the fact that

Davis was revealing less of weakness than the men who had been his rivals for the office, and that Congress was doing little that was not absolutely necessary, Confederate morale soon came to depend entirely on victory in battle.

To inherent weaknesses was now added failure. The Confederate treasury had to start at the very bottom in creating a currency and establishing credit. It issued paper money, sold bonds, and borrowed wherever it could. It hesitated, however, to lay the taxes necessary to carry the load. Inflation followed; prices soared; the public lost confidence. Speculation and swindling completed the ruin.

Then came the failure to secure European recognition. This was in part due to the unwise withholding of cotton and in part to the failure to win decisively on the field of battle. The securing of a few ships from the English yards probably did more harm in the long run than good because it enabled the North to make its case against the hesitating British officials.

Of equal importance was the failure to complete and maintain the railroad lines within the Confederacy. Gorgas and Rains did a remarkable job in producing military supplies; Gregg and Pratt did nearly as well in advancing manufactories. The farmers and planters produced food in abundance. Yet the army was always poorly fed and clothed and was often short on munitions. Southern failure to grasp the significance of railroads in modern life was responsible.

Material failure weakened the will

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to fight. Contrary to the romantic picture of undying Confederate patriotism, Professor Coulter finds that enlistments early dwindled, bounties had to be offered, and soon conscription applied. Soldiers were even offered the right to reorganize their companies and elect their officers if they would remain in the army. Desertion became common and at times half the army was absent from duty. Officers quarreled and fought duels. Governors of the states withheld men and supplies and one of them led his state to the verge of secession from the Confederacy. Vice President Stephens absented himself from Richmond most of the time and led the fight against the administration. The Confederacy finally collapsed, says Professor Coulter, because "the people did not will hard enough and long enough to win." He does admit, however, that the Northern armies had something to do with it.

This is an important book. It fills a neglected gap in American history, but it does more. It contributes much to a clearer understanding of the federal system of government and the danger in such a system of overstressing local freedom above central efficiency in time of crisis.

Avery Craven, professor of American history at the University of Chicago, is author of "The Coming of the Civil War," "The Repressible War," and many specialized studies on the South.

City of Hedonism

THE ROMANTIC NEW ORLEANIANS. By Robert Tallant. Society in America Series. New York: E. P. Dutton & Co. 384 pp. $4.50.

By Duncan Aikman

HOW ROMANTIC is New Orleans and what makes it that way? In Mr. Tallant's view it is chiefly a matter of a community's having had a glamorous past, of somewhat grimly holding on to it and keeping as much of it as possible alive into an age of conveyor-belt industries and upcoming hydrogen bombs.

In New Orleans's case the ancient glamours are easy to document. Founded in 1718, the remote subtropical wilderness settlement quickly developed into an almost Parisian center of gaiety and modishness. When Spaniards—the Presbyterians of Mediterranean Catholicism—took over the political administration in the 1760's, they, too, within a generation became converts to the local hedonism. So, although forced to keep their social distance by the established Creole aristocracy, did the Americans who poured in after the 1803 Louisiana Purchase.

In a sense, the nationalistic rivalries produced by these changes sharpened the community's piquant individuality. The young Creole blades, to prove that they had a keener sense of honor than the Anglo-Saxon interlopers, duelled to the death over minor gambling arguments, the professional merits of opera singers, or the mention of some socialite virgin's name in a gentleman's drinking emporium. To outdo Creole hospitality, the Americans killed themselves and each other, perhaps more numerously, with table and sideboard lavishness and the sheer pace of entertainment.

The romantic outlook overhung the blossoms of ante-bellum Creole womanhood like a sentimental smog. By sacred tradition the New Orleans *jeune fille* was so chaste, beautiful, and abysmally innocent that it was necessary for her, as Mr. Tallant puts it, to be "chaperoned practically into the marriage bed." Afterward, as a further tribute to the romantic mysteries, she and her bridegroom were supposed to spend five days and nights together—usually as the guests of *his* in-laws—without once leaving the nuptial bower. These idyllic customs never quite spread across Canal Street to the Garden faubourg inhabited by the American ole massahs. Still, down to the Civil War, belles of the rising gringo aristocracy lived distinctly more sheltered lives than their sisters of Tidewater, Virginia, and Charleston.

Eventually, New Orleans shook down to a unique community life which to a degree is a composite of both traditions. The Creoles slowly gambled away their plantations and fortunes or spent them in lordly living so that well before the end of the nineteenth century most of the old indigenous life had become a frayed and sorrowful museum piece. But meanwhile the Anglo-Saxon invaders, with considerable help from intermarriages, appropriated much of the Creole spirit.

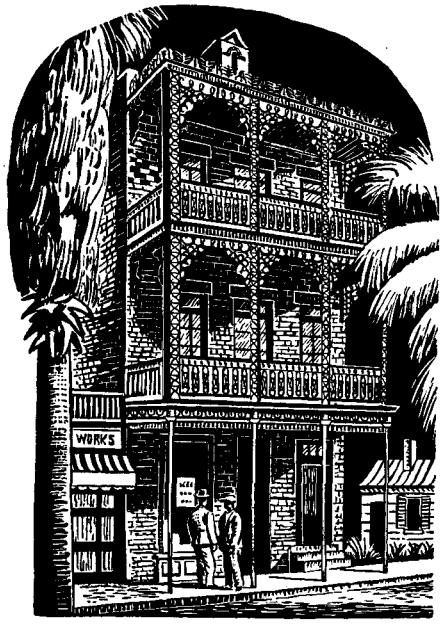
A good example is the famous New Orleans Mardi Gras fiesta. Beginning in the late 1850's, the Americans took over the old French free-for-all pre-Lenten carnivals and organized them along "greatest-show-on-earth" lines as one of the Republic's outstanding pageants and tourist attractions. But instead of letting the celebrations degenerate into a chamber-of-commerce "street fair," control over the parades and balls of the principal carnival organizations—the "krewes" of Comus, Momus, Proteus, the Atlanteans, etc. —is rigidly held in the hands of New Orleans's ruling socialites.

This creates, Mr. Tallant says, "the curious condition of men being the social arbiters of the city . . . to an extent that exists in no other social structure in America," and some male New Orleanians are "preposterously earnest" about it. A few, he adds, "after once being Rex (chief titular dignitary of the carnival) forever after privately thought of themselves as a kind of royalty." And to become queens of one of the carnival balls, he insists, New Orleans girls have abandoned Vassar and round-the-world trips, if not matrimonial prospects elsewhere.

This emphasis on pleasure, over-serious or otherwise, makes New Orleans, in Mr. Tallant's opinion, a city which is more interested in having a good time than in making money or, at any rate, chiefly interested in making money to have more good times with. But the self-romanticizing attitude that goes with this intensive hedonism has, he charges, certain painful defects. New Orleans, he writes in a brilliant chapter called "The Poor Rich People," has "far, far more citizens" than even most Southern communities

> who even though they have achieved nothing themselves believe they should have had aristocratic privileges. . . . These people did and still do want another kind of a world, a feudalistic society of a privileged class and slaves. Although . . . they probably would not like the world they would like to conjure back into existence, their dreams are almost as hideous as Hitler's was. . . . Some-

(*Continued on page* 34)



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The Saturday Review of Literature

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Diversity & Union

"THE UNITED STATES is in the midst of a struggle for peace. We are opposed by the efforts of a diabolically clever and well-organized Communist organization, which is seeking to destroy our democracy. If we are to succeed in our struggle, we must forego all partisanship and all political adventures.

"If we are to succeed, we must show to our friends in the free world that we are not divided in our counsels but that we are united in our determination to promote the cause of peace and to pursue the wisest policy which our united genius can devise."

There can be no gainsaying the force of the statements with which United States Ambassador-at-Large Philip Jessup repudiated the charge of Communist sympathy leveled against him by Senator McCarthy, nor any doubt that incalculable harm is done to America and the world by such irresponsible attacks. All the more reprehensible is the Senator's reckless conduct because at best the democratic process contains dangers inherent to itself in the front it exposes to other nations. In any land where speech is free and debate is open policy crystallizes through a series of often hotly contested exchanges of opinion, the stresses and strains of which can be misconstrued by those inclined to twist them to serve their own ill purposes. Day by day the Russian press and the press of the satellite nations so misrepresent American attitude and action, searching among the flotsam and jetsam of public discussion, seizing here upon a casual statement which falls in with its credo, there upon another which belies American professions, and drawing from minority or tentative or exploratory remarks a totally false picture of the mind of the nation as a whole.

It is, to be sure, a danger, but it is also the essence of American democracy that it presents a diversity of outlook. The United States was born of diversity, of different peoples seeking new homes for different reasons, of diversity of climate and diversity of geographical nature and economic potentialities. Its culture was compounded of diversity, of the mingling of varied racial strains and variant traditions, of the superimposition of a civilization sprung of the frontier upon the accumulated habits and attitudes of mind of older countries. Its rugged individualism was diversity, its cracker-box philosopher airing his homespun philosophy before his fellows, who like as not howled him down when his generalizations were out of tune with their own independent views, its cowboys and railroad builders and captains of industry. And though the enormous mechanization of American civilization has seemed at times to threaten diversity, and the evolution of the radio and the motion picture to presage standardization, nonconformity is perhaps stronger in America today than at any time in its history.

Opinion has never been more fluid, party lines never less binding, social standards never less constricting than in the present. Two world wars and a major depression have shocked the American people into new standards of value. Though the United States has gone through no such social revolution and shift of fortunes as England, it, too, has changed its habits of living and its material outlook. High taxes have decreased great fortunes but high wages have expanded the standards of the working classes and widened the diversity of their interests. The greater latitude of opportunity for women has given them a voice not only in business but in politics. The war experience of millions of young men has lent sanction to their expression of opinion on their world.

THERE is, indeed, an underlying sensitivity to conditions and problems of the time, frequently raucous when it is articulate, often floundering. It is this inchoate compound of feeling and opinion which seems so often at cross-purposes, which speaks with contradictory voices, whose meaning can so easily be misunderstood and distorted by the hostile. In it is all the diversity of America, and all of America. "Sweet are the uses of diversity," paraphrased Frederick Lewis Allen in a recent address. Yes, when properly channeled and directed. It is this direction which Mr. Jessup calls for when he says

Reading Aloud

By John Holmes

THE voice, the voice burns on and on like flame
A listener looks through, to the back of his mind,
Past red-gold slope and spire of words looking.
You read aloud to the ill, the young, the blind.
You read to the hundred faces with no name.
Or to the beloved, the proudest words you find.

They forget you the first word out of your mouth.
Not to be remembered for speaking loud or low,
But that a story lives its little space in time,
So real the rain is wet, and they hear horses go —

What a good way to be forgotten, into a story,
A remembered sound of words when self is gone,
As a fire unburned, wood back to the woodpile,
Or word returned to the shelf it stood upon.

To be taken down again, opened again, burned again,
The book as your voice knowing its immortal power.
Reading aloud you raise up the golden wall
Where the gold bough in the holy city sings an hour
Of glory, a poem of the honor and grief of men —
And the speaker of poems remembered not at all.

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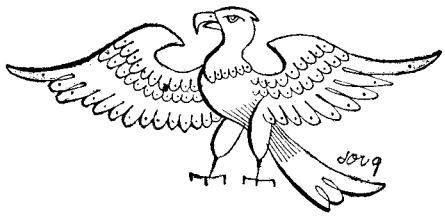

that if we are to succeed in our struggle for peace "we must show to the free world that we are not divided in our counsels but that we are united in our determination . . . to pursue the wisest policy which our united genius can devise." To realize that direction, we need unpartisan leaders, not Senator McCarthys. We need men of imagination and vision, men of selflessness and courage. If we get them we may win the peace, for still the old slogans hold, "E Pluribus Unum," "In Union There is Strength."

—A. L.

Heinrich Mann

THOMAS MANN'S worldwide reputation has cast a slight shadow over the distinguished career of his older brother, Heinrich, who died recently in California. When Thomas was only twenty-five, in the first year of the twentieth century, his novel "Buddenbrooks" made him famous, while Heinrich Ludwig Mann, who had spent his early life in Italy, was almost unknown until he was over forty. Then in rapid succession he published a dozen novels, three of them portraits of German society under the Empire, which established him as a deeply earnest creative writer and a liberal who illuminated the crisis which was overwhelming Germany and Europe. In 1933, two years after he had been elected president of the Poetry Section of Germany's Academy of Arts, he had to flee to France and finally to the United States, arriving with a group of fifteen alien authors. During his exile he devoted a great part of his energy and time to attacking Hitler and Nazi Germany. After he had settled in California he became president of the World Committee Against War and Fascism. He returned for a visit to his homeland last year and was awarded the national prize for art and literature under the auspices of the education administration of the Soviet Zone. It was said of Heinrich Mann that he was "a defender of the mind and a champion of intellectual freedom," though the future will have to decide whether this splendid epitaph was won at the expense of unwritten novels, the contributions he might otherwise have made during his later years to world literature.

Even Good News Is News

▸ The World Health Organization's executive board has decided not to admit voluntary organizations having religious, economic, political, or racial limitations on membership as accredited observers to WHO conferences and meetings.

▸ Marshall-plan dollars have enabled Frenchmen to complete a project they've been working on for twelve centuries—the clearing of the Vernier Swamp in Normandy. Of the more than 5,000 acres of swampland, 370 acres have already yielded record-breaking crops of carrots, beets, and mustard. An additional 1,250 acres of the reclaimed land soon to be sown will be used to grow corn.

▸ Professor Selig Brodetsky, new president of the Hebrew University in Jerusalem, announced that "every child of the 250,000 Arab population in Israel will be entitled as a matter of right to an education at the Hebrew University. . . . There shall be no discrimination of any kind whatsoever."

▸ One plane mishap that did not make banner headlines was that of a Northwest Airlines stratocruiser which dropped an engine but landed its thirty-seven passengers safely at Chicago's Midway Airport. The lost engine landed in an empty field.

▸ Recurrent fears about the future arising from the allegedly low birth rate among educated persons will be silenced by a report of the Population Reference Bureau entitled "A Revolution in Birth Rates." The report states that the reproduction rate of college-educated women in America has made remarkable progress since 1940, with an 81-per-cent increase between 1940 and 1947, and it claims grounds for prediction that the bumper baby crop year of 1949 will show the highest rate for college graduates in a century.

▸ Thirteen American editors returned from a three-week tour of Europe with high praise for ECA's operational efficiency. Professor Michael Dorizas, of the University of Pennsylvania, also returned from a European tour confirming their plaudits and pointing out that two very important contributing factors to the Greek people's recovery were the extension of American aid in the agriculture program and the increasing amount of medical care given.

▸ Colonial peoples are winning new voices in their governments through increased representation by elected legislators. A tabulation of legislative councils in British Colonial territories reveals that in Kenya there are twenty-two "unofficials" (native Africans) and only sixteen British officials; in Gold Coast twenty-four "unofficials" and only seven officials; in Nigeria twenty-eight "unofficials" and seventeen officials, giving Africans a majority on the councils of these territories.

▸ More than three-quarters of a million refugees were reestablished in the period between July 1, 1947, when the International Refugee Organization began operations, and December 31, 1949. IRO estimates assistance was given to almost one and one-half million refugees since July 1947 and reports the leading countries of resettlement were the United States, Israel, Australia, United Kingdom, Canada, France, Argentina, and Brazil.

▸ Milk from U. S. surplus stocks sold at a "generous price" to the UN International Children's Emergency Fund will benefit an additional two million children in Europe alone, bringing the total number of beneficiaries to more than five and one-half million. In Israel the number of beneficiaries has been doubled and in Asia it is likely to be trebled. Increases are planned for Central American countries where child-feeding programs are under way.

▸ Current fine films: "The Hasty Heart," "Three Came Home," "Intruder in the Dust."

▸ The mortality rate of rheumatic fever, a leading cause of death among children, has dropped 80 per cent in the United States since 1920.

▸ Under the Fulbright Act, the United States has signed agreements with Australia and Egypt, making possible an exchange of several hundred students between the three countries.

▸ The Paris movie critics took a busman's holiday recently and opened a "Film Try-Out Theatre" ("*Cinéma d'Essai*"), where they can review new and experimental films of all types. This will give film enthusiasts a chance to see a great variety of movies, including foreign films, documentaries, and even amateur productions that would not otherwise be shown, and will promote commercial distribution of these films. The French Association of Movie Critics will use any profits made from this theatre to assist aged and unemployed movie critics.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The Flagstad Case

SIR: Those who have "waited for nine years" [LETTERS, *SRL* Mar. 4] for Kirsten Flagstad's return might bear a few facts in mind:

Flagstad left us; we did not leave her. She left behind contracts to fill operatic engagements and some fifty concerts. They had to be cancelled and other artists found to take her place. When her husband announced that she would not return, Edward Johnson and her concert manager were reported "surprised" because they had received no word from Mme. Flagstad. My reference is *The New York Times* of June 19, 1941.

On March 17, 1947, with diplomatic understatement the Norwegian Embassy issued a statement which contained the following: "On April 19, 1941, Mme. Flagstad returned from the United States to Nazi-occupied Norway. Norway at that time was at war with Germany, and the Norwegian Legation in Washington, acting under instructions from the Norwegian Foreign Ministry in London, refused to assist Mme. Flagstad in returning to Norway. She must have succeeded in obtaining elsewhere, however, the necessary assistance to secure permission to proceed by way of Portugal and Germany to Norway, where until the end of the war she stayed with her husband, Henry Johansen. Mr. Johansen was a member of Mr. Quisling's traitor party, 'Nasjonal Samling,' and was at the time of his death last spring under prosecution for treason."

Earlier, on January 25, 1947, Tor Myklebost, Norwegian press attaché in Washington during the war, said, "Norwegian authorities disapproved of her plans to rejoin her husband," and added that she was able to return to Norway only through the assistance of Hans Thomsen, German chargé d'affaires in Washington.

Flagstad has not sung publicly in Norway since her return in 1941. That was told me by a member of the Norwegian Embassy staff in Washington this week. No one could stop her from singing in Norway; her own people won't have her.

Last December one of Flagstad's stepsons was sentenced to prison for constructing barracks for the Germans; rights of citizenship are denied him for ten years. Fines and confiscation total over $100,000. In addition the family firms were ordered to pay confiscation of well over $100,000.

Excuses that Flagstad had exercised a woman's devoted prerogative in returning to "a beloved husband, home, and family in danger" rest on weak foundations. The Quislings were well in control of Norway; Flagstad's husband was well entrenched at a time when the Nazis were riding the crest of the wave; neither her home nor her family was in danger until Allied victory was assured some four years later. Her daughter was in America.

When her husband's impending death from a lung ailment from which he had been suffering for some time was announced Flagstad "rushed from a South Norway summer resort to join her dying husband" (*The New York Times*, June 27, 1946).

Granted she did not actively assist the Nazis in Norway (the Norwegian Government had no sufficient "basis for instituting legal proceedings" against her), the fact that she left this country when the forces of freedom in Europe were prostrate gave prestige and moral support to the Nazis. Sigrid Undset, who in literature was as outstanding a cultural ambassador of Norway as was Flagstad in music, escaped to this country and remained here for the duration of the war. Pablo Casals, regarded as one of the great cellists of this century, has refused to play in any country which recognizes Franco. Principle is more important than the money his performances still could bring him.

Irving Kolodin is right when he implies that principle must not be abandoned to art. For Americans to embrace Mme. Flagstad is insulting the millions of Americans who were killed, wounded, or whose lives were disrupted fighting the evil that Flagstad condoned. Rather less Wagner—and there needn't be—than compromise with evil.

DOROTHY LEAVITT.

Washington, D.C.

SIR: Though it seems to me that everything said and written relative to Kirsten Flagstad's singing or not singing only prolongs a needlessly cruel and unhappy persecution, nevertheless, so long as the purveyors of rumor-unsupported-by-evidence continue to attack her there is nothing her friends can do but continue to come to her defense. It is not that we come unwillingly, but rather that we resent the stupidity and viciousness of this continued effort to defame an artist who has been repeatedly cleared by her own Government, who only last summer was unanimously elected an honorary member of the Norwegian Musical Artists' Association (the only singer ever so honored), who has been asked to sing again in Norway, and whom most American opera- and concert-goers ask only to hear as often as possible. If there is any doubt on this score we have only to note that during the deplorable situation in San Francisco last summer letters to the press were about ten to one in her favor and ticket demands were eight to one in favor of operas in which she was appearing.

Mr. Kolodin writes piously of principles, but to most of us it looks rather like a case of Mr. Bing's principles against Mr. Kolodin's prejudice.

KATHRYN THORNBURG.

Modesto, Calif.

SIR: I say hurrah! for the picketers. Art is not so frail and fragile that it will die without the voice of a Nazi sympathizer. Art is by and for the people—let *them* decide.

ARLINE BILLER.

New York, N. Y.

SIR: I have heard Flagstad sing and fully acknowledge the power and majesty and uncommon beauty of her voice, but it is time that those who worship at her shrine with such misplaced fervor wake up to the twentieth-century facts of life. Intellectual honesty and political awareness are more to be desired than slavish adoration.

LUCILLE ORLAND.

New Orleans, La.

Teen-Age Tastes

SIR: Space has recently been given in your columns to letters from one who is, I gather, a teacher of English in a public high school. The first of these delivered a broadside against teachers of English on the grounds of lack of idealism. His latest communi-

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

"These lives of yours, Plutarch—there's something I want you to leave out."

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cation, which you have captioned "Tastes Formed and Deformed" [*SRL* Feb. 25], poses a series of questions relating to the quantity and even more to the quality of extra-curricular reading expected and required of students in senior high schools.

It is the certain knowledge of this writer, based on over twenty-five years of teaching English in the same senior high school, that the reading tastes of high-school students have improved immeasurably in that period. It is not uncommon for students even in the lower grades to read and make intelligent reports on books designed for adult reading which have entered their homes via monthly book clubs. Students in the upper grades customarily read on the college level.

As for our dealing in the classroom with "thinkers like Charles Sanders Peirce and William James and Santayana," there is scant time for the discussion of subjects which are quite obviously beyond the grasp of most teen-agers, if not of their teachers. There is, however, no reason to believe that the minds and tastes of high-school students are being stunted and deformed in the English classroom.

LILLIE H. GREENBERG.

Teaneck, N. J.

Free Expression in USA

SIR: Every opponent of censorship must be grateful for Mr. John MacCormac's factual account of what goes on in the Soviet Union and its satellites ["Reading by Red Star Light," *SRL* Feb. 25]. But let us not assume complacently that there is no restriction upon "free expression of art" in the United States. For though (except for occasional acts by post-office and customs officials) our Federal Government does not censor the arts, there is in this country an alarmingly increasing tendency upon the part of organized pressure groups to see to it, in Mr. MacCormac's words, "that ideas which fail to jibe with their own dogmas be prevented from circulating."

Here are some examples. The Catholic Legion of Decency has such a stranglehold upon the motion-picture industry that it is almost impossible to produce a movie that offends the hierarchy. Jewish organizations have prevented the exhibition of the motion-picture version of "Oliver Twist" and the inclusion of "The Merchant of Venice" in the repertory of Margaret Webster's touring company; they are attempting to prevent the study of these and other classics in the public schools. Protestant ministerial groups in demanding the suppression of "Stromboli" have enunciated the frightening doctrine that a work of art may be proscribed because of the personal behavior of its creators. Patriotic groups, failing in their attempts to break up a concert by a Communist singer, systematically stone the departing audience while the police look on. Professional "vice-crusaders" instigate raids against reputable booksellers and confiscate books by writers of international reputation. Small-town officials forbid the exhibition of motion-pictures that deal understandingly with inter-racial relations or that even show white and colored children playing together. Big-city officials (acting under pressure from religious organizations) bowdlerize plays that appear in the local theatres and condemn entirely plays by O'Neill and Sartre. The motion-picture industry blacklists writers of recognized talent, not because of what they have written but because of their refusal to answer the questions of a Congressional Committee. The New York public schools ban *The Nation* because it contains articles criticizing the Catholic Church. Veterans' organizations attempt to exclude from libraries books that do not conform to their definition of Americanism. Utility corporations keep a sharp eye on college textbooks that advocate public ownership. Sponsors of radio programs exercise a strict control over the content of radio scripts.

The list could be extended. Every day, fresh examples can be found in the press. Were it not for the unceasing vigilance of the American Civil Liberties Union and other organizations interested in combatting censorship, there would be even more vigorous attempts on the part of pressure groups to suppress whatever is distasteful to them. Yet I wonder how many of those who read this page, how many of those who shake their heads in despair or smile ironically when they read of censorship in other lands, ever lift a finger to help those who are fighting here at home the organized attacks upon the foundation-stones of our freedom. Let us not in our fixation upon the man-eating bear behind the Iron Curtain, overlook the foxes, the little foxes that spoil the vines of our cherished democracy.

ELMER RICE.

Stamford, Conn.

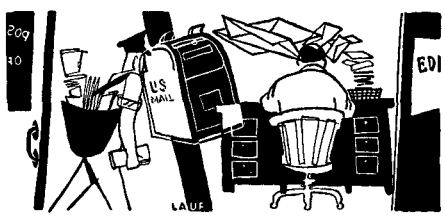
Our Movies Abroad

SIR: You are to be congratulated on your three-part editorial "The Free Ride" [*SRL* Jan. 21, 28, Feb. 4] and on the debate between Eric Johnston and yourself [*SRL* Mar. 4]. I hope these issues will be carefully perused and pondered over in Hollywood. One should not underestimate the effect American movies are having on the more thoughtless members of the younger generation here, who if asked what American life consisted of could only answer: "necking girls and wrecking joints." Recently, I'm glad to say, I have seen two pictures which I gladly praise: "Intruder in the Dust" and "Command Decision." Let's have more of the same standard but on different subjects.

R. D. CARTER.

London, Eng.

SIR: If we restricted much of the product you find objectionable and exported only those films which are generally considered superior, the picture of American life presented to the European might very possibly be even more distorted. Many of these films are honest self-criticisms of our way of life. In Europe they are propagandized by our adversaries *as* our way of life. I was told in Italy that the film "Gentlemen's Agreement," in my opinion a very superior motion picture, surprised Italian audiences by its implication of widespread anti-Semitism in the United States. Similarly, those who base their over-all anti-American propaganda on the condition of the Negro in the South might find the cycle of films now current dealing with this theme grist to their mill.



I am not advocating that our self-critical superior films should not be exported; I am only trying to point out the problems created by their exhibition.

RICHARD MAIBAUM.

Hollywood, Calif.

SIR: During the early Forties it was my good fortune to come to know some hundreds of Latin-American students at the University of Michigan. Actual experience with our life, after having seen it portrayed in movies, was to them sometimes amusing, sometimes shocking. Two examples: The son of a Latin-American university president had formed his notions of campus life from the films; he was amazed to learn that Americans are serious students. A medical doctor was startled to find Americans drinking milk and other non-alcoholic beverages; he had formed his impressions from movies and had expected "to find Americans pretty drunk sometimes, a little drunk all the time."

As visiting professor at the University of Chile in 1945 I had a chance to follow up this experience by seeing Hollywood products there and discussing them with Chileans. Many judged them chiefly in terms of their usefulness in learning American English, but others were curious as to whether we really are like that. The movies I saw myself, trying to put myself in the place of a Chilean, varied from those—all too many—which made me blush in the darkness at the cheap and distorted picture of life here to those, fewer in number but serving as an antidote to the poison, which gave a true picture of us as we are. I remember one which portrayed a tender friendship between Claudette Colbert and Hattie McDaniel against the background of racial intolerance. Another which seemed especially appropriate for countries where Roman Catholicism is quite different from our own was "Going My Way," which humanized the priest in a way doubtless shocking to a *beata*, but enlightening to others.

In fine, the answer seems to me not "either-or," but "both-and." A foreigner who sees enough of the right movies will come to know us pretty much as we are; unfortunately too many of those he sees are wrong.

LEO L. ROCKWELL.

Hamilton, N. Y.

Freeman Founder

SIR: Your reviewer of a volume of letters of Albert Jay Nock alludes to him as "the founder of *The Freeman*." That is an error. Mr. Nock and Francis Neilson were the editors, with the former actively in charge. The founder was Helen Swift Neilson.

B. W. HUEBSCH.

New York, N. Y.

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Workouts for Writers

HERSCHEL BRICKELL

IN ALL parts of the country writers of reputation, many of them teachers by profession and a good many others by now teachers of their particular subjects by experience, are making plans for a busy summer of writers' conferences, especially in New England and the Middle West. And hundreds of other writers and would-be writers of all ages, kinds, and stages of development are beginning to make preparations for the journeys, short or long, that will take them to the fountains of wisdom.

The familiar argument over whether or not writing can be taught and, if so, how much, keeps on, with a wide diversity of opinion among the experts. But the undeniable fact is that conferences continue once they have been started, and whatever small percentage of mortality there may be among them is more than made up by additions to the list.

Bread Loaf, the oldest of the conferences, celebrates its twenty-fifth anniversary this year, and Theodore Morrison, now in his eighteenth year as director, which makes him easily the veteran of veterans, is preparing a special program in honor of the event. There will be noted speakers from the realms of poetry, fiction, the theatre, and article writing, and a week-end reunion of former contributors and auditors will be a feature. Mr. Morrison warns that the number of visitors will be limited because of the lack of housing facilities on the famous mountain top.

The first year of the all-fiction meeting at Marlboro College in Vermont last summer was highly successful. The only conference to limit itself to one type of writing, Marlboro enrolled fifty last year and has places for sixty this year. Walter Hendricks, president and founder of the school, which has brought a dying community back to life, takes an active part in the meeting and has promised with the help of his co-director, John Farrar, one of Bread Loaf's originators and its first pilot, and Edmund Fuller, who gives the novel course, to have all the manuscripts read by the time the conference opens.

Most of the conferences make places for auditors, on a whole or part-time basis, and this was tried at Marlboro last year; but at the coming session all those who register will be expected to take the entire course and to submit work for criticism. There will be plenty of lectures, but the workshop will receive the greatest emphasis, since President Hendricks believes in learning by doing.

The University of Kansas City Conference, started last year under the direction of one of the most experienced of teachers of writing, Gorham Munson, is already an established fixture. It has the enthusiastic backing of the president of the university, Dr. Clarence Decker, who is a novelist himself, and who edits the university's *Review*.

Ray West, Jr., who has taught at the University of Utah Conference and the University of Kansas, where he led conferences in 1948 and 1949, is now at the University of Iowa, which has no conference but which invites writers as lecturers throughout the year. This summer he will be at the Missouri Workshop and also at the University of Wisconsin Summer School, which has courses in creative writing.

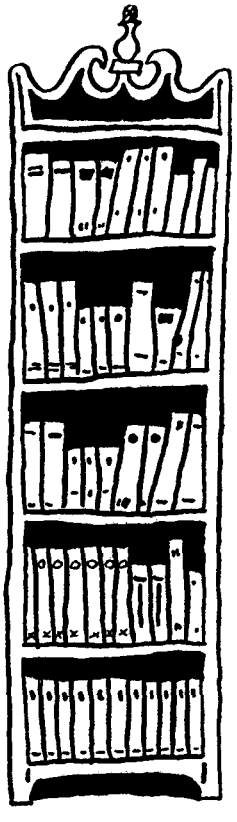
In West's absence the Kansas Conference has been dropped, but Kansas State College at Manhattan keeps up the state's batting average, with the establishment of the Mid-America Regional Conference to be held from June 19 to 30, under the direction of Earle Davis, the poet, with Robert Conover, professor of English at the college and editor of the *Kansas Magazine* as secretary. This is the first conference to stress writing for the farm and home magazine market, and an impressive array of experts in the field, both editors and contributors, has been gathered for the meeting.

The Indiana Conference, which has been one of the most consistently successful since it was started in 1940, passes from the hands of its director and founder, Ralph L. Collins, this year, Richard B. Hudson taking over after Mr. Collins's resignation. The special feature of the Indiana Conference, a week's meeting for a group of forty writers under thirty years of age, will be continued and a number of scholarships covering tuition and living expenses will be available.

The Writers' Conference in the Rocky Mountains at Boulder, which was founded as far back as 1930, but which suffered an eclipse from 1942 to 1947, will be under the direction of William E. Wilson for the present year, but next year Mr. Wilson goes to Indiana University to devote all his time to teaching. The conference has gone well under his guidance, and he will leave behind two lines of policy: one, emphasis upon the presence of younger writers, with scholarships to help, and, the other, the presence of staff members who are trained teachers.

He has also tried to solve one of the chronic conference problems, namely, the eagerness of the students to eat more of the intellectual nourishment offered them than they can possibly digest. In other words, Mr. Wilson, like some of the other directors, has tried to keep down the size of the classes and has discouraged a surfeit of attendance at too wide a variety of courses.

ANOTHER of the new conferences will be that of Idaho State College at Pocatello, a four-day session from June 26 to 30, with Alan Swallow, director of the University of Denver's successful Workshop besides being a writer and a publisher, as one of the principal speakers. The Denver Workshop runs a full five weeks, with college students receiving credits for the courses they take. Started in 1945, it has nearly doubled its attendance, and had seventy students last year.



One of its new features for the coming summer will be a session on religious writing to be taught by one of the editors from the Board of Education of the Methodist Church and a member of the faculty of the Iliff School of Theology, whose campus is near that of the University of Denver.

A different type of conference is the Corpus Christi Fine Arts Colony, which was started in 1947 and which is held on the campus of Del Mar College under the joint sponsorship of the college, of the Texas College of Arts and Industries at Kingsville, and the National League of American Penwomen. Courses are given in art and music, and Robert P. Tristram Coffin is the one-man staff in literature, holding daily sessions on poetry and the short story.

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At most of the conferences, the emphasis is placed upon work done before the sessions, since crowded schedules do not permit much on-the-spot production except in the poetry workshops. A good deal of actual writing, however, is done at Corpus Christi, where a feature of the closing days, in addition to painters and musicians displaying their wares, is a recital of the best of the prose and poetry.

A symposium in *The Western Review*'s Spring Issue should be of interest to those who have pondered the true worth of this peculiarly American institution, the writers' conference, the like of which has never happened anywhere else. The title is "The Teaching and Study of Writing" and the contributors, several of them veteran teachers at conferences, are Allen Tate, Lionel Trilling, Eudora Welty, Malcolm Cowley, Walter Van Tilburg Clark, and Wallace Stegner. The *Review* is now published at the University of Iowa.

Bulletins containing full information on the conferences listed below may be obtained for the asking by sending a postcard to the directors.

THE BREAD LOAF WRITERS CONFERENCE, under the auspices of Middlebury College, Theodore Morrison, director, meets in the mountains near Middlebury, Vt., the last two weeks in August. It was started in 1925.

Attendance is limited to 125: fifty contributors and seventy-five auditors. There are several fellowships available, candidates being named by publishers or other writers.

Expenses are as follows: contributors, including room, board, and tuition, from $130 to $155, depending upon the type of room occupied. Auditors, from $105 to $130.

Among the regular staff members are Robert Frost, Louis Untermeyer, Bernard DeVoto, Walter Prichard Eaton, Helen Everitt, Edith Mirrielees, Fletcher Pratt, William Sloane, and Robeson Bailey.

The Bread Loaf Summer School of English of Middlebury College will be held this year from June 28 to August 12, with Reginald L. Cook, who is assistant director of the Writers' Conference, as director. Among the special lecturers will be Robert Frost, Archibald MacLeish, May Sarton, and Peter Viereck. The school is for students professionally interested in literature and has a distinguished staff, including many well-known writers.

WORKSHOP ON CREATIVE WRITING FOR CATHOLIC WRITERS, under the auspices of the Catholic University of America, Washington, D.C. The first session was held in 1949 and the dates this year are August 7-17. The general director of workshops is Roy J. D. Defferari, and the director of the writing workshops is Leo V. Jacks.

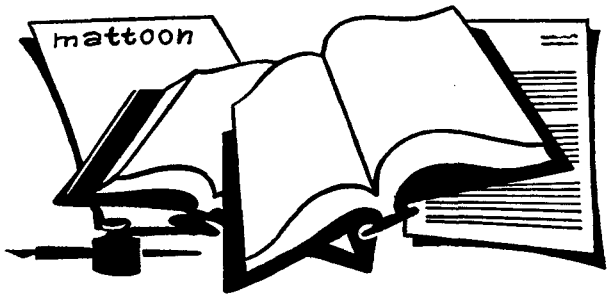
Expenses: registration, $5; tuition, $55; manuscript consultation, $15; room and board for period of conference, $40: individual lectures, $3; manuscript consultation by non-members of workshops, $15.

Members of the staff include George S. Brooks, Walter S. Campbell (Stanley Vestal), the Rev. Dr. James Donahue, and Shirley Seifert.

CHAUTAUQUA WRITERS' CONFERENCE, Chautauqua Lake, N.Y. Co-chairmen are Margaret Widdemer and John Holmes. This conference began in 1946. The 1950 dates are July 24 to August 11. A limit of twenty contributors has been set, with provision for as many additional auditors as may care to come. Miss Widdemer is in charge of the courses on prose, Mr. Holmes of those on poetry. A number of distinguished special lecturers are scheduled to appear. Full details may be had by writing Dr. Clifford McAllister, dean of the Chautauqua Summer Session.

CORPUS CHRISTI FINE ARTS COLONY, 1114 Seventh St., Corpus Christi, Tex. Established in 1948 with the initiative of Hortense Warner Ward, state president of the National League of American Penwomen, this meeting is now held under the joint auspices of the NLAPW, the Texas College of Arts and Sciences of Kingsville, and the Del Mar College at Corpus Christi. The dates are

(*Continued on page* 45)



Graves's Collection of Elegant Trifles

OCCUPATION: WRITER. By Robert Graves. New York: Creative Age Press. 320 *pp.* $4.

By ROBERT HALSBAND

IN DESCRIBING his occupation, Robert Graves calls himself a poet who earns his living by writing (historical) novels. The twenty-one pieces—essays, stories, and plays—which have been gathered into one volume are the trivia thrown off over a long literary lifetime. They are not about writing as an occupation or profession (as the title implies), but simply "a collection of elegant trifles."

The longest essay in the collection, and one of the most amusing, is on the future of swearing and improper language. Despite his gloom about its future, Graves writes eloquently and *con amore* of what has been called the poor man's poetry. He is cautious, too, and does not mention any of the little words which even the great Oxford Dictionary omits. As in his historical fiction, he is painlessly erudite; he is a sort of pedant with a cloven hoof. Although familiar enough with Dr. Johnson, as any lexicographer ("a harmless drudge") must be, he misses one of the neatest bits of the rich anecdotage that surrounds that most clubbable figure. When two ladies complimented Dr. Johnson because he had omitted naughty words from his dictionary, he replied, "What, my dears! then you have been looking for them."

As he himself confesses, Graves suffers from an etymological obsession, and the result can be seen in his essays on such topics as "How Mad Are Hatters" (Danbury papers please copy!) and the feminine word ending *-ess*. From etymology he passes to mythology and iconography, and in his "Pharoah's Chariot Wheels," which is about the Hebrew Exodus, writes a piece using the same dazzling and intricate approaches as in his "White Goddess." The subject of incest in the Augustan dynasty is another essay, in dialogue form, and might have been an exercise for his Claudian series. His personal essay on flotsam in the Thames is slight, merely an excerpt from his journal, but it displays the gift, which Virginia Woolf had so consummately, of taking the merely concrete and trivial and making it significantly luminous.

These are all factual essays suffused with the quality of imagination, and the stories in the collection, whether or not founded on fact, have the same quality. Two of the stories are particularly powerful. "The Shout" is a horror tale in the vein of Arthur Machen and makes its impact through joining the pedestrian with the supernatural. The other story, "*Está en su Casa*," is a long account of an incident in Majorca during the war. Don Pedro, who is the tragi-comic hero, has an endearing personality of shrewd simplicity, and the regional setting, along with the full-bodied characters, is wonderfully evoked through Graves's casual and penetrating style.

The reason he knows Majorca so well is that he has retired to live there (except for the war years) to avoid what he calls our pluto-democratic civilization. One of his essays, "The Cult of Tolerance," serves him as a platform to air his acrid views on our society and its standards. Another essay, "It Was a Stable World," describing the Roman civilization he knows so well, might stand as a companion argument. Obviously he prefers the peace of that epoch to the present Pax Americana.

There is still more in the grab-bag. A full-length play whose themes are composed of sexual and artistic inversions is a discordant composition. Oddly enough it is called "It Still Goes On"; it never did, either on the stage or (probably) in life. The other, a fantasy for children, is less pretentious. Some of the pieces, here unnamed, are dull and arid; it is no surprise that even Graves occasionally nods. But there is an abundance of good things, and the whole collection is evidence that he is such a versatile and brilliant writer that even his trifles are prodigiously elegant.

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FOR ONCE a publisher has no need to write glowing phrases and glistening words in the hope of catching the eye of some reader and enticing him into a bookstore. For here is a book whose praise has been sung by others so unanimously (and with such heartening superlatives) that we need only tell you what they say —and then we feel certain that you will call your bookstore and ask that a copy of Marchette Chute's *Shakespeare of London* be sent to you right away.

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THE WRITER'S BOOK. Presented by the Authors Guild and edited by Helen Hull. New York: Harper & Bros. 355 *pp.* $4.

By GORHAM MUNSON

THE project for "The Writer's Book" was born at a meeting of the Authors Guild Council and assigned to a committee headed by Helen Hull for development. A feature of the project was that all royalties earned by it should go into the treasury of the Authors Guild. The book, however, plugs the sponsoring organization very sparingly and could well have included more information about the Authors Guild of the Authors League. Of the book's forty chapters more than three-fourths were written specially for it; the others, like the excerpts from Winston Churchill and Arthur Koestler, are reprinted from other works.

The strongest impression "The Writer's Book" gives is that a summer writers' conference has come into one's library. The chapters divide into workshop talks by craftsmen and "evening lectures" by visiting literary celebrities. There are no round-table discussions and no individual conferences on student manuscripts but short of these the book has the complete atmosphere of a writers' conference, with Miss Hull presiding and making short introductions of each speaker except on a few occasions when Elizabeth Janeway is called upon to do the introducing.

It is, however, an overstaffed writers' conference that Miss Hull conducts and the student writer may get mental indigestion from the variety of fare offered, especially as there is a mixture of dietary systems. "The Writer's Book" is less cohesive in its teaching than "Writers on Writing," the collection of articles Herschel Brickell edited for the staff of the University of New Hampshire Writers' Conference.

The worst offenders are the authors who want to talk about themselves, want to defend their works, want to settle scores with editors (Ira Wolfert, Ann Petry, Leonora Speyer, Ware Torrey Budlong). Some of the good "evening lectures" on literary topics are "The Novel of Contemporary History," by John Hersey, "Imagination and Experience," by Francis Steegmuller, which recounts the genesis and growth of "Madame Bovary," and "Poetry at the Mid-Century," by Babette Deutsch. Frederick Lewis Allen gives an inside view of the editorial office of Harper & Brothers and T. R. Coward talks urbanely about the relations of publisher and author.

The best chapters are the practical workshop talks: Richard Lockridge and Rex Stout on mystery novels, Richard Summers and Paul Gallico on writing fiction, Henry F. Pringle on article writing, Ehrlich on television writing, and Niven Busch on writing for the screen.

"The Writer's Book" is an uneven collection of perfunctory writing (Pearl Buck's chapter), silly generalization (the lady who says that today's children "handle with ease the theories of Einstein and his cohorts"), the highly theoretical (Beatrice Hinkle on the artist's psychology), the fragmentary (Flesch on style), the informative (Michener on the odds against a beginner), the literary essay (William L. Laurence on science and creative

Bodleian Library, Oxford

By Gerhard Friedrich

HOW choice a colloquy of burned-out wits
Is here projected! Plato's world of mind
Is probed by Chaucer's chuckle. Burton quits
His melancholy mood, and Milton, blind,
Finds Paradise regained. There is no name
But has a voice again and strength and youth,
Commingling with the rarer tongues of flame
Some smaller portions of the vivid truth.

Millenniums of shining wisdom dwell
Transfigured here in script and printed page.
And now I hear the buried spirits swell
A radiant chorus to assault our age
And drive its hideous shadow shapes to flight
With oceans upon oceans of white light.

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art), and the intensely practical (the afore-enumerated workshop chapters). An unclassifiable chapter, and a very good one, is Jacques Barzun's "Calamophobia or Hints Toward a Writer's Discipline," common sense on the subject of "writing blocks," common sense exceeded only by Paul Gallico's advice "to beat the be-Jesus out of your mind by forcing it to go to work."

Getting Into Print

WRITING: ADVICE AND DEVICES. By Walter S. Campbell. New York: Doubleday & Co. 301 pp. $3.50.

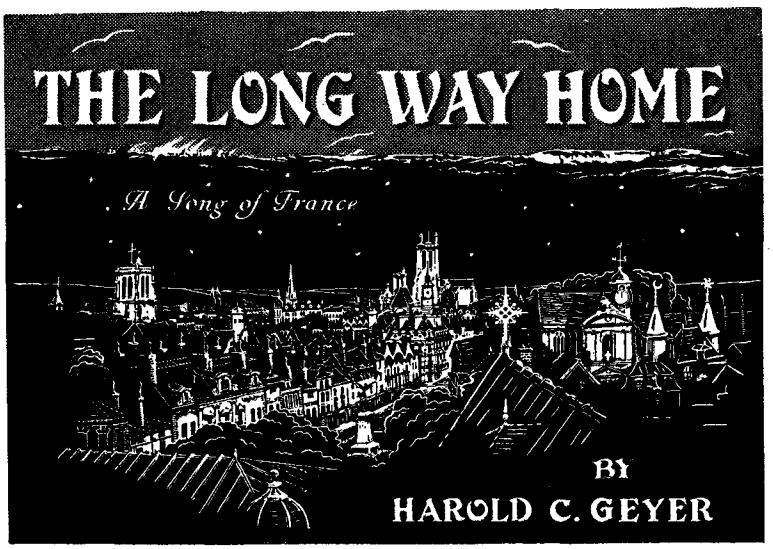
By William Peden

THIS book is concerned almost solely with the commercial short story and article. Professor Campbell adopts from the outset the premise (with which the reviewer does not agree) that publication is the be-all and end-all of successful writing; that a published piece of work, regardless of its literary value or lack of value, is, per se, better than an unpublished one. His book, then, is of primary interest to the beginning writer whose goal is to get in print, regardless of whether or not what he writes is worthy of being printed.

Granting Professor Campbell's commercial predilection, as well as the limitations it imposes, "Writing: Advice and Devices" is a worth-while book, sound, matter-of-fact, realistic. Professor Campbell avoids both the high-flying, romantic nonsense and the even more undesirable out-of-the-corner-of-the-journalist's-mouth "tips" which characterize two predominant types of books for writers. His remarks and suggestions (although they seem to be largely a duplication of material in Mr. Campbell's earlier books such as "Professional Writing," "Writing Magazine Fiction," and "Writing Non-Fiction") concerning narrative patterns, technical devices, work habits, and the like, should be of real value to most comparative beginners of average ability and aspirations. Mr. Campbell's line-by-line analyses of model stories will appear trivial to some writers; a book of this sort, however, is necessarily directed towards the average, not the exceptional, student. For such an aspirant, particularly one without access to individual instruction and guidance, "Advice and Devices" is a valuable book. If nothing else, it should save the beginner some of the innumerable false starts, the interminable backing and filling, the appalling waste of time and energy which so frequently accompany the labors of those who "want to write but don't know how to begin."

It Bears the Mark of Genius

—Chicago Tribune



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Music to My Ears

UNUSUAL BARITONE, TOSCANINI'S FALSTAFF, ETC.

IF YOU have not previously heard the name of William Warfield, accept this as assurance that you will in the future, often. With a public career in New York limited to a brief role in Marc Blitzstein's "Regina," this young Negro baritone walked onto the stage of Town Hall in mid-March and gave a demonstration of vocal art, temperament, and musical intelligence altogether rare. Washington, D. C., the Eastman School in Rochester, a spell of Army service (in Intelligence, because of his languages) are in his past; his future is his own to write.

Warfield is impressive just to contemplate—sturdy, broad-shouldered, a picture of dignity. The expanse and resource of his art are anything but immediately evident, for in a series of a dozen numbers there was something freshly revealing about each. In the end the summary noted: pure intonation and secure control, which enabled him to sing the unaccompanied "Conductus" ("Home, vide!") of Perotin le Grand easily, flawlessly; a florid style able and willing for "Thy Glorious Deeds Inspired My Tongue" from Handel's "Samson"; the deep rumbling lows for Schubert's Totengräbers Heimwehe," and, right after, a spirited, light touch for Loewe's "Kleiner Haushalt."

If none of these is as immediately familiar as, say, "On the Road to Mandalay," which he didn't sing, or Schubert's "Wohin," which he did—don't despair. They were unfamiliar to me, too—and for the best of reasons. Each has some problem in range or mood, technical detail, or vocal layout to put it out of reach of any but an exceptional vocalist. Lest it be supposed that Warfield is "merely" a well-possessed figure of a man with a range of two and a half octaves and a rock-ribbed vocal technique, it should be noted that he has great power of projection, a sense of conviction to animate either Monteverdi's enormously difficult setting of Psalm No. 150 or the spiritual "City Called Heaven."

So much would surely be enough for one exceptional debut recital but Warfield's artillery also included a French .75—namely, Gabriel Fauré's setting of Verlaine's "La Bonne Chanson." Some of the beginning songs, of agitated temper, were a little garbled and indistinct—an intermission had intervened and somebody had apparently told him how well he was doing. But for the rare atmosphere of "La lune blanche" or the end of "Donc ce sera par un clair jour d'été" Warfield provided musical sensitivity, vocal poise, and temperamental juice of a rather wonderful kind.

Generalizations are always treacherous but it is worth a fleeting thought that some of the most accomplished vocalists of the day, those who have obviously expended an enormous amount of time and effort on their art—Marian Anderson, Carol Brice, Ellabelle Davis, and now Warfield—are Negroes. The suggestion would seem to be that, lacking immediate, easily salable outlets for their talents, they would have to concentrate on fundamentals, work that much harder to build a better vocal mousetrap. A hard school, surely, but it may be in the end a more rewarding one.

FOR Toscanini and New York it will indeed have been a long time between "Falstaffs" when he presents Verdi's final opera at the last two broadcasts of his current series with the National Broadcasting Company's orchestra (April 1 and 8). Forty years, in fact, for it is not since the spring of 1910 that Toscanini and "Va, Va, vecchio John" have interacted in this hemisphere.

The dates well suggest that it is an experience that only a fraction of the musical public can now recall, and one that all of it should anticipate with eagerness. What Toscanini has done in his previous broadcasts of familiar operas—was something on the order of historic. What he will do with the relatively unfamiliar "Falstaff" may well be more so.

It is one of the paradoxes of opera literature that "Falstaff," for all its familiarity of subject, its accepted greatness as a score, and the list of famous artists associated with it—from Maurel, who created the leading role, to Scotti, to Tibbett, to Stabile, to Warren—has never held a lasting place in the repertory in this country.

"Falstaff" is in fact, an anomaly. It is an Italian opera written in the Germanic spirit of Mozart and Wagner, in which everything is for the play, nothing for the audience (in the conventional sense). Consequently those who want their arias and exciting set pieces will not find them here. But those who welcome the discovery of an endlessly bubbling spring of musical invention, with an occasional jet of geyserlike melody will find in "Falstaff" a really tonic refreshment. Were it joined to the three great Mozart scores in a Salzburg festival or issued in a Glyndebourne recording (if not one by Toscanini) no impresario could keep it out of a repertory with "Figaro" and "Don Giovanni."

Violinists have been uncommonly active of late, especially Isaac Stern, the young American who played a new William Schuman concerto with the Boston Symphony directed by Munch, and Joan Manén, the aging Catalonian, who played a work of his own, also one by Paganini, with a pick-up orchestra in Town Hall. Stern's playing of Schuman reminded us that in bygone, more innocent days a concerto was generally designed to show the skill of a performer. Schuman's (instigated by Samuel Dushkin, whose relation with Stravinsky makes this a kind of storm warning) impressed me rather as a demonstration of the *composer's* virtuosity. The andantino "interlude" had a measure of modal charm but only Stern's belief that the brave lexicon of virtuosity, like that of youth, knows no such word as "impossible" gave the rest of it a fleeting vitality.

Manén, not heard here for nearly thirty years, reminded us there was a time when elegance was as much a part of violin playing as bravura. In style he suggests Jacques Thibaud more than any other player now before the public, but the resemblance is generic rather than specific. One can hardly imagine Thibaud investing the time that Manén must have spent to perfect the gymnastics that make his version of Paganini's B minor concerto a violinist's daily dozen.

This is the one that concludes with the display piece "La Campanella," where if Manén's accuracy were scored on a baseball system, .847 would be his approximate mark, which would hardly do for the animated Campanella who is such a tower of another kind for the Dodgers. However, Manén retains an astonishing sweetness of tone. As a contempory of the time when Kubelik and Ysaye ruled the violinistic world in 1900, Manén exercised a virtuoso's prerogative in giving cues to the cellos when conductor Harris Danziger's back was turned or providing a kind of *zapateado* counterpoint with his foot tapping. Devotees of the bow and strings will find him an absorbing if not altogether orderly experience when he plays April 2. —IRVING KOLODIN.

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The D Minor & Others

CESAR FRANCK. By Norman Demuth. New York: Philosophical Library. 228 *pp.* $4.75.

CESAR FRANCK. By John Horton. New York: Oxford University Press. 66 *pp.* $1.25.

By Daniel Gregory Mason

OF GOOD omen is the nearly simultaneous appearance of these two books, both written in English, both devoted to one of the greatest craftsmen and purest spirits in modern French music. Comparing the two, the reader's strong preference goes at first to Demuth's volume (one of the Musical Pilgrim Series), so compact and so much more coherently written. Its discrimination is shown in its choice of works for study: the three great "Triptychs" for keyboard instruments; three works for orchestra, necessarily including the overplayed symphony; the three splendid chamber-music works, and the great crowning organ chorales.

Horton's analyses, terse and free of irrelevances, are illuminated by ingenious terminology. An instance is the term "carillonlike melody" for the refrain in descending fourths in the Chorale of the "Prelude, Chorale, and Fugue." Another is "spiral outline"—for those specially Franckian melodic cells in which a single tone acts as fulcrum for larger and larger skips (see, for instance, the highly dramatic, if not melodramatic, opening of the Allegro in the Quintet).

Using more words to convey a far less vivid impression of the same feature is Demuth's: "He is fond of centralizing a theme around one note. He leaves a note to return to it, widening the interval." Such pedestrian literalness can hardly suggest the exciting tensile strength of these melodic spirals, where variety wrestles with unity in the Quintet example or unity deepens the emotional stress of variety in the heart-searching final cadence of the B minor Chorale.

Yet in spite of some hit-or-miss writing—"As a song writer, probably 'La Procession' is the only one that will survive"—Demuth's book often itself survives by a happy carelessness, a sort of slang gusto. "Both Saint-Saëns and Ambroise Thomas," he writes, "complained of Franck's chromaticism, the former with venom, the latter with regret. Thomas simply could not see it."

But Demuth's book, often helter-skelter, sometimes ungrammatical, ends with a true and happy insight:

> When we look at the industry of this great man, the routine never

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varied, and the neglect and rebuffs which he suffered at every turn, we have an example which all should follow. Franck liked teaching but there are always pupils who are not bright. . . . What buoyed him up in the face of his disappointments? His firm, healthy faith made him succeed where others had failed. It gave him contentment of mind and kept his eye on the ultimate goal. . . . The really good men are rarely noticed in their lives, but the good is not always interred with their bones. His contemporaries were incapable of understanding or realizing him and when enlightenment came, it was too late.

Among the photographs is one of the composer at twenty-three never before published, contributed by his granddaughter, showing his curiously wide face framed already in its fringe of side-whiskers. The hands, supple of finger and prehensile of thumb, remind us that he was already fond of tenths in the bass.

Pianism, Elementary to Midway

THE PIANIST'S PROBLEMS. By William S. Newman. New York: Harper & Bros. 133 *pp.* $2.50.

By Rosalyn Tureck

DR. NEWMAN here covers a number of difficulties confronting the piano student of the early and lower middle stages of piano playing. This is a book that should be useful to student and teacher alike. I would question the publisher's claim that Dr. Newman "brings together much new information that so far has been available only in special studies and at the best staffed schools." The material of this little book, while valuable, could scarcely be called "new." It is, though, representative of much that is highly regarded in contemporary teaching. I can hardly say that I subscribe to the author's belief that "the artist performers should be able to pick up a useful pointer here and there." The material presented is on too elementary a plane for that.

On the credit side, the presentation shows a long experience in teaching, a conscientious approach to the student, and a carefully thought-out schedule of study. Dr. Newman is especially helpful in his suggestions on fingering, staccato, and practice habits. For the inexperienced, he has some excellent advice on how to deal with stage fright. On the whole, his approach to the development of musical understanding is good groundwork.

The author avoids a rigid adherence to a single pianistic system, which is characteristic of earlier individualistic methods. In the section "About Sitting and Hand Positions" he says: "Both sensible and salutary is the current, widespread reaction against those outworn, hard-and-fast 'methods' of piano playing that call for fixed, sometimes rigid, positions and uniform attacks in all situations." This may well be applied in a wider sense to the pianistic technique in general. It is praiseworthy that the author conveys the impression of flexibility in the considerations of the students' individual problems. I should have liked to have seen him go further in the working out of techniques for practice. Conversely, he tends to treat as technical problems matters that could be better mastered by a more penetrating examination of musical structures. The section on interpretation, difficult as this subject is to discuss within the limited space, would also have been benefited by a deeper consideration of structure.

Dr. Newman's suggestion that the student build a music library is certainly proper. He offers a basic list which extends only as far as Debussy. This has its obvious limitations, which the author admits in speaking of memorizing: "Homophonic music usually takes hold quicker than contrapuntal or dissonant music." However, the student and teacher would have fewer problems if such music were introduced from the beginning and continuously studied along with the standard repertoire.

I find myself in complete disagreement with the author's unquestioning acceptance of the theory expressed in his bald statement "The fact has been conclusively established that the means of striking the key cannot affect the tone that results whether the striking agent be a brick, a kitten's paw, or a human finger." This is a theory that has had wide acceptance. However, its validity and basis are now highly questionable. According to the latest findings of Dr. Hugo Benioff, of the California Institute of Technology, there is "sufficient physical basis in the piano action for the contention that the player can affect the tone color by the manner in which he depresses the key." A report explaining his observations is expected to appear very soon. Perhaps the production of piano tone is an artistic matter, as well as a mechanistic one, after all.

Rosalyn Tureck is a concert pianist well known for her interpretations of Bach. She also teaches at Juilliard.

U. S. Music-making

MUSIC: AN ART AND A BUSINESS. By Paul S. Carpenter. Norman: University of Oklahoma Press. 246 *pp.* $3.75.

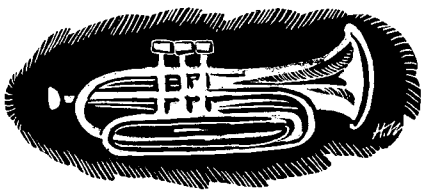
By Irving Kolodin

THE title of the book by the late dean of the College of the Fine Arts at the University of Oklahoma arouses interest: music is certainly both a business and an art in this country, to rearrange the terms in the order of emphasis I would apply. His death about a year ago rather inhibits discussion of it, for the contribution a critic may make to clarification of the author's future thinking is, in this case, obviously futile.

Dean Carpenter had the advantage of a Rockefeller Foundation grant (1945) in his preparation of this volume, enabling him to observe the workings of the Hollywood music mill, to study the activities of our principal music center, New York, and to delve into archives in Washington. Out of this, however, emerged a set of observations neither profound nor new. In describing the technique of prerecording the musical performance of a performer in a film and then photographing the synchronized action, Carpenter says: "Heifetz, Iturbi, several artists from the Metropolitan Opera . . . are among the growing list of performers who have participated in these strange exercises." Why "strange"? It is merely a practicable, non-complicated way of meeting a mechanical requirement.

It is Carpenter's whole thesis that American music has been stifled by the combined indifference of radio, record-makers, and concert-management bureaus. As he puts the question: "We are told gently, patiently, endlessly, how to listen and how to appreciate THE GREAT MUSIC OF THE PAST [caps his]. Why do we hear so little of our own music of the present? It is not because there is so little to hear but rather because our mentors are addicted to the backward look and have come to the unhappy conclusion that all the great music has been written."

I can think of nothing more unfounded a writer on music can say. Anyone with a realistic attitude toward music knows that a great American composer would be worth several times his weight in gold to



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the publisher, orchestra manager, or impresario who could snare him. I cite George Gershwin—certainly not great, but unique—as one whose newest concert pieces needed no propaganda to be heard, evaluated, enjoyed.. Aaron Copland is played as often as he writes a new work and his existing repertory is as well represented on symphony programs as it merits.

The simple fact is that the standards of survival in music are much more rigid than they are in any other form of art. Thackeray is a "classic" to be read by anyone who chooses to; but Brahms is a composer whose music is "used," week in, week out. For it to survive the extinction of interest resulting from this steady usage it must be not good, not very good, not great, but very great. If we are going to argue against radio (as Carpenter does consistently) and then argue against radio's employment of a Toscanini, we are certainly arguing outside any framework of reality.

Actually, it is impossible to discuss the ideas of this book because there is a presupposition in every sentence. "We often hear it stated," observes Carpenter in his "Coda," "that our generation, unlike that of Mozart's, is uninterested in new music." Here we must ask at least four questions: Who stated it? How often? Who is the Mozart whom our generation should want to hear? And if Mozart's generation wanted to hear "new music" so avidly, why did he die in want, literally from starvation? At late reports, Sibelius is still in cigars, Vaughan Williams is working comfortably at whatever interests him these days, and even Aaron Copland, on the occasion of our last meeting a few days ago, drove up to the place where I was waiting for him in a shiny new Ford (blue).

I should be remiss if I did not acquaint the reader with Carpenter's remedy for the "social evils" of present music-making (created equally by "the reactionary activities of many professional conductors" and "the antisocial activities of those departurist composers who live and work in the vacuum of a preclusive esthetic"). It is: "encouragement of local talent" because "the great composers of the past were neighborhood composers." Such as, presumably, Beethoven, who was born in Bonn of Dutch parents and lived most of his life in Vienna? Or Wagner, of Leipzig, Riga, Paris, London, Triebschen, Munich, and Bayreuth? I imagine, however, that Carpenter would rule them both out, for Beethoven wrote one opera, Wagner many, whereas he says, "Grand opera, to many a musician, is an artistic absurdity . . . a business failure in our modern world . . . artistic folly." Need I say more?

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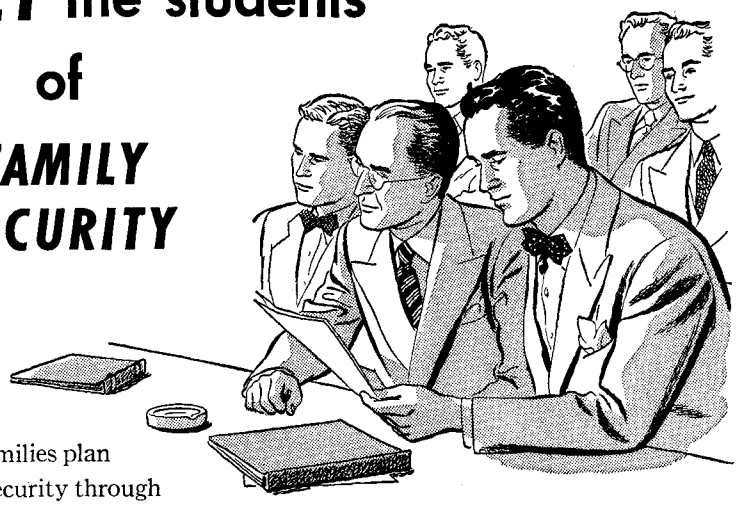

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DIXIE

(*Continued from page 21*)

where in the past too many parents reared their children in an inordinately nostalgic atmosphere.... It is the poor rich people who are the most romantic New Orleanians.

Mr. Tallant's book is the fifth contribution to Dutton's Society in America series. Certain things can be said against it. It lacks the wit and pungency of the series leader, Cleveland Amory's "The Proper Bostonians." Mr. Tallant's style is often untrimmed to the point of tediousness, and now and then he writes like a local historian who feels a bounden duty to mention everyone who was ever prominent. Much of his material is necessarily distilled from other—and in some cases better—books about New Orleans, so that some readers will feel themselves being taken for one ride too many on the Desire streetcar. At the same time more of New Orleans is in it than in most of its predecessors—and with sharper and more up-to-date appraisals.

Duncan Aikman, a Washington newspaperman, has written a number of works on the United States and its problems, among them "The Turning Stream" and "America's Chance for Peace."

Facts & Tidbits Below Mason-Dixon

A HISTORY OF THE OLD SOUTH. By Clement Eaton. New York: The Macmillan Co. 636 pp. $7.

By Charles S. Sydnor

CLEMENT EATON set himself the large task of compressing two and a half centuries of the history of the South into a single volume. Avoiding the short cuts of a generalized essay or of a single-theme interpretation, he describes land and racial groups, crops and their marketing, common folk and aristocrats, slaves and free Negroes, politics and religion, and a number of other subjects; and he includes brief biographies and appraisals of leading men. All this is done with a heavy load of facts, well spiced, however, with such tidbits as Governor George M. Troup's red hair, George Washington's fondness for ceremony and form, and John Randolph's impotence. Naturally, most of the facts had to come from the communal stockpile of historical information listed in the bibliography, but Eaton adds material that he himself has freshly mined from plantation records, country-store ledgers, diaries, and letters. He has also made much use of the interpretations of other scholars without being slavish in accepting their views. We wish he had stated the reasons for his disagreement with Gilbert H. Barnes's interpretation of the Gag Rule against antislavery petitions and for his dissent from Dumas Malone's conclusions as to the forces that molded Thomas Jefferson. But it is a little difficult to pin the author down, because he sometimes states one interpretation and then another without committing himself to either.

The reviewer regrets that Eaton did not give more space to the evolution of Southern economy and society in the long Colonial period and less attention to the preliminaries of the Revolution, the framing of the Constitution, and other matters that ought to be known to anyone who has read a textbook on American history. But on this point Eaton could cite authorities who tell us that Americans are generally ignorant of their history.

Eaton writes from the currently orthodox liberal viewpoint, approving the common man, democracy, an optimistic view of human nature, and American nationalism, while disapproving slavery, aristocracy, "Big Business," sectionalism, and secession. We have little quarrel with this platform, but we wish there had been less labeling of things as good or bad, more probing of their causes, and more meditating on the lessons that history can teach our generation about what is good or bad in a particular institution or attitude in terms of the way it operates.

These criticisms must be tempered by recalling the spatial restrictions under which Eaton has worked. Nine years ago he demonstrated his capacity for stimulating and original exploration in his "Freedom of Thought in the Old South." This admirable quality is less evident in the present volume, because its many themes and multitude of details left the author little elbow room for new and convincing generalizations. Among the better chapters are those on the Western South, slavery, commerce, and the social pyramid in the 1850's.

Charles S. Sydnor, professor of history at Duke University, is the author of a number of works on the Old South, including "The Growth of Southern Sectionalism."

FOR HOLLYWOOD

(*Continued from page 13*)

ster stories, and killer-dillers does not have the effect of propaganda *against* the United States? In short, is it possible to have a medium reaching hundreds of millions of peoples without affecting their attitudes one way or another?

SRL has never suggested that Hollywood abandon entertainment or that it use the screen as a device for advancing America's foreign policy. Our argument was that we didn't believe that movie entertainment cannot exist without crude and dangerous stereotypes. Up until a few years ago, the motion picture fostered stereotypes of foreigners; i.e., Mexicans as bandits, Italians as bootblacks or gangsters, Greeks as short-order cooks, Swedes as longshoremen, Chinese as laundrymen, Frenchmen as adagio dancers or oversexed playboys, etc. As a result of pressure from those nations the movie industry has gradually steered away from those stereotypes. But the crude American stereotype persists. Surely, Hollywood doesn't contend that its continued existence depends on the perpetuation of those stereotypes? This—and not deliberate propaganda, pro or con—is the issue.

Concerning Mr. Goldwyn's point about newspapers and magazines sent abroad, he is entirely right when he says that they reflect all shades of American taste and opinion. And if American newspapers and publications were the chief source of information about America, being followed closely each week by the majority of people all over the world; and if as a whole those publications dealt in the same misrepresentations and distortions of life in America as do the movies, then the situation would be analagous and *SRL* would broaden its indictment.

One more word about censorship: Hollywood's stand against the menace of censorship would be even more convincing if the industry itself did not ban the motion picture "Bicycle Thief" from all the theatres coming under its jurisdiction. The industry claimed that two scenes offended good taste. The scenes in question seemed harmless enough to us and were considerably less offensive than almost any advertisement for the average motion picture. But the question here is not whether the particular scenes were in good or bad taste. The question, to paraphrase Mr. Goldwyn, is whether anyone, in government or in the industry, is wise enough to set himself up as censor.

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Folk-say Where It Is Richest

A TREASURY OF SOUTHERN FOLKLORE. Edited by B. A. Botkin with a foreword by Douglas Southall Freeman. New York: Crown Publishers. 776 pp. $4.

By HAROLD W. THOMPSON

BEFORE the publication of this rich volume, Dr. Botkin's "Treasury of American Folklore" and "Treasury of New England Folklore" had sold well over a half-million copies—probably the largest sale for any American book of folklore since the Uncle Remus tales. This popularity can be attributed partly to skilful and lavish promotion, to the intelligence that secured for the present volume a delightful introductory essay by such a famous Southerner as Douglas Southall Freeman; but the more important explanation is twofold: the knowledge and industry of a great editor and that enormously increased interest in folklore of which literary journals are just becoming aware.

Since 1929, when he published his first volume of "Folk-say" out in Oklahoma, Ben Botkin has been extending the boundaries of folklore to include types unfamiliar to the chasers of imported British ballads and European folktales. It occurred to him that American folklore had not waited respectfully for the founding of the American Folklore Society in 1888; from Irving to Mark Twain accepted authors had heard oral lore and put it into print. Had it thereupon ceased to be folklore? Botkin thought not. His years as folklore editor of the FWP and as assistant in charge of the Archive of American Folksong in the Library of Congress made him acquainted with vast manuscript and gramophone collections; they also gave him, a thorough scholar, opportunity to search through old periodicals and forgotten books. If all that this Treasury contains would not be called folklore by a strict scientist, it is certainly American and in our folkways.

Most readers will buy the book in the certainty of finding humor in about 500 tales and singable tunes among seventy-five songs. As for the latter, transcriptions have been made from a number of field recordings, a few of which have previously been issued on discs by the Library of Congress. Whether from white or Negro sources, these songs are authentic, varied in type, and beautiful; many are pentatonic or in other old modes. As for the humor, it is almost everywhere, even in such tiny anecdotes as the joke by a Tennessean at the expense

—From "Southern Harvest."

of another state, as quoted from "The Southern Country Editor," by Thomas D. Clark:

> . . . A young man on the way to Little Rock, Arkansas . . . overtook an elderly traveler and asked him where he was going. "I am going to heaven, my son, I have been on my way eighteen years."
>
> "Well, good-by, old fellow," replied the youngster, "if you have been traveling toward heaven eighteen years and got no nearer to it than Arkansas, I'll take another route."

Similar retorts range from Patrick Henry's to Alben Barkley's.

Perhaps no formal history of the South tells so much without prejudice, about its people. The popular heroes are here: the trickster Davy Crockett, audacious Jeb Stuart, indomitable Andy Jackson, as well as less admirable persons, such as Mike Fink, Murrell, Blackbeard, and the guerilla Quantrell. There is a section on "Caste and Class," one on "Local Pride and Prejudice," and another on "Private Justice"; but the emphasis is on what is to be enjoyed, admired, and loved in that section where folklore most abounds. Negroes are not slighted; selections from the greatly gifted Zora Hurston and others remind us that her people now have admirable folklorists of their own race. We are not given Huey Long as sole representative of Louisiana; here is the poetical tale of the sea-maiden of the Biloxi, the boob-tales about Jean Sotte, the exploits of Lafitte. It is an insensitive reader who closes this wealthy book without increased affection for the South—beautiful, perverse, heroic, humorous, and forever raising questions which only folklore can answer.

Harold W. Thompson, of Cornell, is editor of the New York Folklore Quarterly *and author of "Body, Boots and Britches."*

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—CHARLES ROLO, The Atlantic

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Youngest Confederate Commander

HOOD: CAVALIER GENERAL. By Richard O'Connor. 316 pp. New York: Prentice-Hall. $4.

By THOMAS ROBSON HAY

JOHN BELL HOOD, who has long needed a biography, acquired a number of claims to fame during his brief military career. He was the youngest full general, though with temporary rank, in the armies of the Southern Confederacy. No one of equivalent rank was so maimed: he lost an arm at Gettysburg and a leg at Chickamauga, and still continued in active service. Hood's was the only important Confederate army to be routed and driven from the field of battle. However, it is not certain that Hood was "the last of the leading Confederate generals to surrender," as Mr. O'Connor writes.

These performances mark the man as brave, impetuous, attractive, reluctant to surrender while hope remained, but unfitted for important independent command. As a subordinate officer, a brigade, division, or corps commander, subjected to the control and direction of a mature and balanced military mind such as Lee's or Jackson's, Hood was unexcelled; as an independent commander he lacked judgment and the ability to reconcile and adjust the antagonisms of subordinate officers and to get the most from them in cooperation and leadership. He replaced the veteran General Joseph E. Johnston in command of the Confederate Army of Tennessee as it fell back to defend Atlanta, Ga., against Sherman's superior forces and afterwards wrote a book to justify his leadership. His performance, personal and otherwise, was such as to lose him the services and advice of one of the ablest tacticians the war produced—General William J. Hardee.

Hood's campaign into Tennessee after the loss of Atlanta was as much his idea as that of anyone else. The planning was good, but the execution left much to be desired. He delayed too long, three weeks, at the crossing of the Tennessee River. His failure to destroy Schofield's retreating force at Spring Hill was the measure of Hood's ability as an independent commander. He failed to coordinate the activities of his subordinate commanders and to see to it that his orders were promptly carried out. His state of physical and mental exhaustion due to fatigue, the effect of his wounds, and the weight of his responsibilities were his excuse. But as General R. E. Lee wrote when asked by President Davis for his opinion relative to Hood's competence to replace Johnston: "Hood is a bold fighter. I am doubtful as to the other qualities necessary." Lee followed this estimate, an hour or so afterward, with a further comment:

> Hood is a good fighter, very industrious on the battlefield, careless off & I have had no opportunity of judging of his action when the whole responsibility rests upon him. I have a high opinion of his gallantry, earnestness, & zeal. Genl. Hardee has more experience in managing an army.

After Spring Hill, where Hood missed the best opportunity presented to him during his career to destroy his opponent, the campaign was a campaign of desperation. The result was almost foregone. Only inexcusable blunders by General George H. Thomas, the Union commander, could have prevented Hood's defeat. In the sequel, his army was destroyed as an effective offensive weapon and Hood was left without a command. Life in the few years that remained to him following his military surrender was not easy. Hood died of yellow fever before he was fifty.

Mr. O'Connor has told Hood's story in an interesting manner. He has not attempted to contribute any new viewpoint of evidence, but has based his account on available printed material, synthesized in a readable and interesting manner. In addition, there is an illustration of Hood, several useful maps, an index, and a bibliography. The latter, however, does not indicate that General J. M. Schofield's "Forty-Six Years in the Army" was used or that Ben Ames Williams's recent edition of Mrs. Chestnut's "A Diary from Dixie" was available.

Your Literary I.Q.

By Howard Collins

MYTHICAL MAIDENS AND MATRONS

Know your mythology? Clara Wormuth, of New Brunswick, N. J., asks you to identify the mythical ladies briefly described below. Allowing five points for each correct answer a score of fifty is par, sixty is very good, seventy or better is excellent. Answers on page 50.

1. Having given her lover a thread as a means to accomplish a desperately dangerous task, she was heartlessly deserted by him.
2. After having outdistanced in a race every competitor for her love, she was tricked to defeat through golden apples.
3. While playing with her maidens by the seashore, she was borne away on the back of a bull.
4. A displeased goddess took away her voice, except for the purpose of reply.
5. She learned the hard way that when distrust enters love flies out of the window.
6. When she resisted the pursuit of a god she was turned into a laurel tree.
7. This maiden, skilled in beautiful handwork, aroused the jealousy of a goddess and was changed into a spider.
8. Although beautiful and desirable, she possessed the curiosity of Mother Eve.
9. To appease the wrath of the sea nymphs this maiden was chained to a rock and placed at the mercy of a sea monster, but was rescued by the heroic efforts of a youth.
10. While confined in a brazen tower this maiden was visited by a god in the form of a shower of gold.
11. The king, her father, promised this daughter to a suitor who was to come for her in a chariot drawn by lions and boars.
12. This female fighter was slain for a famous girdle given her by her father.
13. Because this hard-hearted beauty remained indifferent to the suffering of her lover, even when he died of grief, Venus changed her into a stone statue.
14. In spite of the express command of a tyrant, this devoted sister buried her brother.
15. Half-won from Hades by the sweet music of her husband's lyre, she was lost to him because, forgetting the command of the gods, he looked back.
16. This enchantress gathered potent herbs with which she rejuvenated her father-in-law.
17. This unfortunate woman through ignorance married her son, who had unknowingly slain his father.
18. In order to make her lover the ruler of her father's realm, she pulled from her father's head the purple of golden hair on which his life depended.
19. Having unwittingly killed her husband by means of a garment steeped in blood from a poisoned arrow, this unhappy wife killed herself.
20. This mother, the too proud possessor of fourteen children, mortally offended a goddess, who in anger destroyed all fourteen and left the mother in never-ending grief.

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SUBVERSION: THE OLD STORY

(Continued from page 9)

ground that rebellion existed in one part of the nation." But the decision was not handed down till the war was over; it is permissible to suspect that it might have gone the other way if it had come up to the Supreme Court in 1864 instead of 1866.

Mr. Weyl takes a dim view of Lincoln's dictatorial actions and of the logic by which he justified them: they did no fatal harm, he thinks, because Lincoln was Lincoln, but "there would be other wars and other Presidents." Well, no other President has ever come anywhere near governing as Lincoln did, but no other President has ever had to deal—nor does it seem likely now that any President ever will have to deal—with such a clear and present danger. Lincoln got away with it because the majority of Congress and of the people agreed with him that it was necessary to save the Republic. The method was not the one that could ideally have been desired, but the Republic was saved.

THAT few of the hundreds of people whose cases are here discussed were guilty of treason, and that fewer still were convicted, we owe to the rigid limitations of the Constitutional definition: "Treason against the United States shall consist only in levying war against them, or in adhering to their enemies, giving them aid and comfort. No person shall be convicted of treason unless on the testimony of two witnesses to the same overt act, or on confession in open court."

Clearly this is a crime which cannot be committed in time of peace. You cannot adhere to the enemies of the United States if they have no declared enemies, and if you levy war against the United States that war itself breaks the peace—though men have been convicted of treason for what was actually mere riot, and puny riot at that. This definition obviously excludes very dangerous activities which might be carried on against the security of the United States, especially in peacetime, but, as Mr. Weyl observes, instead of trying to extend the definition of treason or indulging in wanton prosecutions, we have "created crimes similar to treason." Some of these laws have become instruments of oppression in times of inflamed public opinion, but some of them have been necessary and are necessary still.

There was good reason for this narrow Constitutional definition—written, it must be remembered, by men who had themselves been traitors to the British Crown and liable to the ferocious punishment provided for traitors by British law until their treason was wiped out by their success. Treason in monarchical societies was a betrayal of personal allegiance; the murder of a husband by his wife, of a master by his servant, was petty treason; high treason was acts done (or, in practice, thoughts thought) against the sovereign to whom all owed allegiance—"encompassing or imagining the death of our lord the King." Since the law was construed by judges who for long were the King's creatures, the definition of encompassment and imagining grew broader and broader. In the seventeenth century English judges and Virginian judges held that it was treason to burn down either houses of worship or houses of joy—I suppose on the theory that such arson was one of the King's prerogatives and that private persons who committed it must imagine that he was dead and they could get away with anything.

The Founding Fathers had had enough of such strained definitions. When they wrote a Constitution they decided to write the definition of treason into it, and that treason against a republic (not, as Mr. Weyl says, against a democratic society—an idea which would have scandalized most of them) must be confined to overt acts clearly proven, with exclusion of anything a man might think and say. Yet before the Constitution had been in operation ten years men were being punished for "false, scandalous, and malicious" writings or sayings against the President or Congress with intent to defame them. This Sedition Law of 1798, as written, was a great improvement over contemporary European legislation, for truth appeared to be a sufficient defense. Federalist judges, however, seemed to hold that truth only aggravated the crime. The law was soon repealed, but too late to prevent the ruin of the party that made it, and ever since it has been a classic instance of oppression.

But in 1798 we were fighting a half-war with France which most people expected to turn at any time into a full-scale war; with a weak, new nation torn between partisans of the recent enemy and of the prospective enemy it could reasonably seem that we needed *a* sedition law—if it had only been reasonably drawn, sensibly administered, and honestly interpreted—to deal with acts against the na-

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tional security which the definition of treason could not cover. Presently it was to appear that this definition could not cover the acts of Aaron Burr either, or the meditated treason of Pickering and his friends. The men who had written it were thinking of Benedict Arnold and perhaps of the Butlers and Johnsons of the Mohawk Valley; they never dreamed how many forms the essence of treason could assume.

Yet they had the sound idea that a republic should lean over backward in its definition. Subsequent laws on sedition or similar crimes have often been necessary but as administered have sometimes been oppressive—notably in the last year of the first German war and the two or three years that followed it. Most of the convictions for speaking and writing in those days were under state laws, apt to be more drastic than those passed by Congress in the light of national publicity; but they were usually upheld by the Supreme Court of the United States. The one serious omission in Mr. Weyl's book is a study of the cases of that period; he contents himself with the passing remark that speech and writing were punished more severely under the liberal Wilson than under the conservative Adams.

Everything is more complex than it was in 1787, treason included; no wonder "the talons of American law were badly designed for the job of pinning down the radio renegades" in the late war. We got some of them but missed others, some of them because "they had had the cunning to surrender their American citizenship." An able British reporter who was here often during the war remarked that we had a fifth column such as flourished in no other country in the world, yet nobody was hanged; Dale Maple, a soldier who released German prisoners in the hope of organizing general sabotage, got off with twenty years. Robert Best and Douglas Chandler, broadcasting from Germany in an attempt to undermine the morale of their fellow citizens in the interest of the enemy, got life imprisonment and certainly deserved it. Other men throughout the war were writing in American newspapers things not much less virulent than what Best and Chandler were saying, but they were in the clear. They often gave aid and comfort to the enemy but they did not adhere to him. What made Best and Chandler traitors was that Goebbels paid them to say it. The distinction may seem illogical; more harm can be done by a widely circulated American newspaper than by short-wave broadcasts of known enemy origin, to which few people listen. But it was precisely to preserve that distinction that the Founding Fathers wrote their definition of treason, and to obliterate it would probably create far more evils than it would cure.

Some people, whose writings had even less restraint but smaller circulation, were tried for what they wrote —for instance, the thirty people tried in a group under the Smith Act of 1940 for conspiracy to commit sedition. Most if not all of them were probably guilty of something—their behavior in the courtroom, a copy of the behavior of Nazis in the courts of the Weimar Republic, was suggestive, but no convincing proof was brought up that they had conspired together, which was what the indictment charged. The case was eventually dropped, after the trial judge had permitted them to talk him to death. Mr. Weyl thinks they ought to have been prosecuted for something else; the Smith Act, he observes, "seems to be a frontal attack on the spirit and tradition of the Bill of Rights." Nor does he think better of the Smith Act from the fact that it was the law under which the eleven Communist leaders were lately convicted.

Its constitutionality and Judge Medina's substitution of the doctrine of "sufficient danger" for "clear and present danger" will ultimately be passed on by the Supreme Court. Mr. Weyl has no patience with the people who liken this trial to those under the Sedition Act of 1798; "these defendants were charged, not with advocating unpopular beliefs, but with serving the interests of a foreign state against those of their own country." He seems to have no doubt that they did that but he observes that if they are guilty all Communists are guilty; the Party is likely to go underground to devote its energies to devising more ingenious front organizations; it would be hard to get at the rest of its members without getting many innocent citizens, too, under the doctrine of guilt by association, which at this writing is being so eloquently expounded by Senator McCarthy. Also, "the Smith Act punishes men for advocating armed revolution. It does not punish them for urging that Americans give unconditional allegiance to a foreign state. The latter seems the real danger, and one which cannot be justified or protected under any intelligible definition of free speech."

WITH the rise of worldwide totalitarian ideologies, says Mr. Weyl, "treason has taken on new dimensions." Once it was personal disloyalty to an individual sovereign; the Constitution defined treason against a sovereign self-governing state; but in the ideological division of the world even this no longer covers the ground. If I may offer a couple of illustrations which Weyl would undoubtedly have offered, if they had occurred before his book went to press—the treach-

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

GATHER, DARKNESS *Fritz Leiber* Pelligrini & Cudahy: $2.75	Science-fiction villainies in Second Atomic Age city of Megatheopolis, with golderndest Buck Rogers trappings ever thunk up!	Some stories in this odd genre hold interest by depiction of somewhat possible, though terrifying, future. This one is nuts.	Glop
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THE BRIDE REGRETS *Marjorie Carleton* Morrow: $2.50	New England seashore hotel in winter scene of strange antics by elderly hubby of timid new bride with some loose cash.	Brilliant variations on famous theme. Excellent cast of characters, anything-can-happen background, eye-popping excitement, and romantic obbligato.	Rewarding
TICKET TO OBLIVION *Robert Parker* Rinehart: $2.50	American Intelligence operative in postwar Paris encounters variety of inimical spies of both sexes and much excitement.	Piquant opening gambit, considerable rough stuff, and hair-raising terminal chase on runaway train among sure-fire features.	Knowledgeable spy stuff

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erous act which has recently done most harm to the United States, as well as to the nation to which he owes allegiance, was committed by a British subject, Klaus Emil Julius Fuchs. French Communists who try to stop shipment of American arms to France are giving aid and comfort to the undeclared enemies of the United States as well as of their own country. Treason nowadays is treason to the free world.

And as treason has grown in size traitors have shrunk. We have no more near-Napoleonic figures like Aaron Burr—"born in the right age but the wrong continent"; not even such rugged individualists as Benedict Arnold and James Wilkinson, concerned with carving out a comfortable place for themselves no matter how things came out. The modern traitor is an agent, not merely of a foreign state but of a hostile ideology—a small and often replaceable part of a great machine. But if he happens to be a Fuchs he can make plenty of trouble.

The Founding Fathers, in a simpler day, thought of treason chiefly as a levying of war against the United States. There seems no longer any prospect of secession or domestic insurrection—though Communist sabotage in a shooting war might briefly and locally deserve that definition; but the dangerous adherents to our enemies are not those who might serve in their armies. There were plenty of the other kind in the late war and there are plenty now. They cannot be prosecuted for treason in the cold war because we have no declared enemies, so we try to get at them by other means; even in a shooting war Mr. Weyl seems doubtful if the unquestioned subservience of the American Communist Party to Russia would be sufficient to find an individual guilty of adherence unless he knew that the orders he was following came from the enemy. Well, I cannot guess how a judge might rule on that, but no jury would have much trouble making up its mind.

This in any case is no new problem and nothing to give us undue concern. For the overall impression you get from this history of disloyalty is that ever since we became a nation against which treason could be committed treason has been one of the most popular, at times one of the most respectable, and certainly the safest of our national pastimes.

Yet the Republic has survived.

Elmer Davis, wartime chief of the OWI, is now current affairs commentator for the American Broadcasting Company. He has written numerous magazine articles and is the author of "The History of The New York Times."

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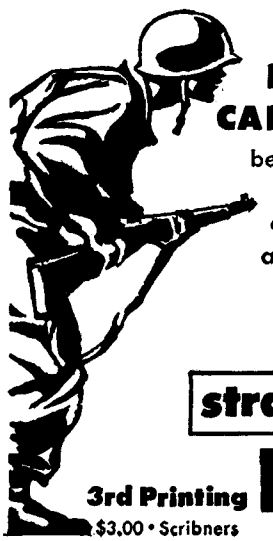

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THE FINE ARTS

VIENNA'S WONDERS ON DISPLAY

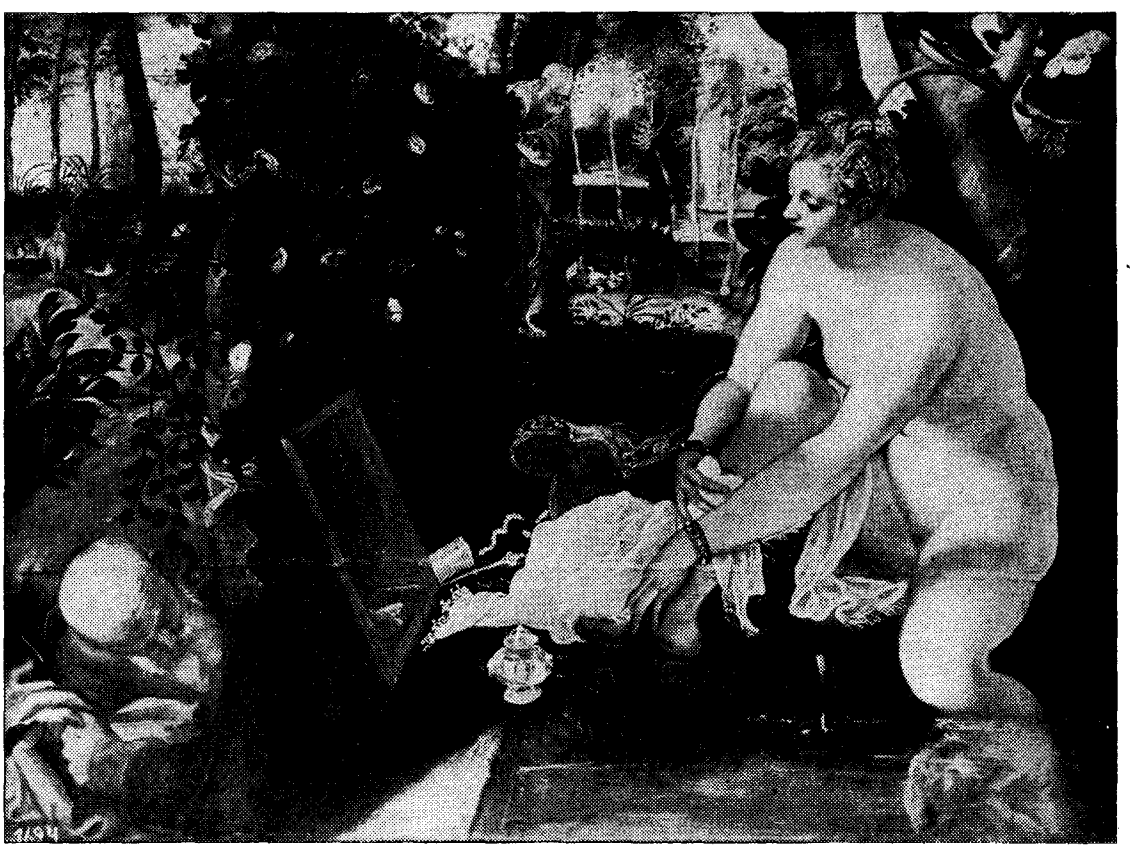
I USED to have but one complaint against women—that they should be more nearly waterproof. Perhaps it is the fault of Adam if they are not. When he woke that fateful morning and counted his ribs in panic, he might have made an immediate agreement with the new arrival: "I am glad to see you, Eve, but let's have one thing clear. I will not hold your umbrella during an inconsequential drizzle; I will not rearrange my appointments on a rainy day because you've had your hair done." Adam said nothing of the kind. Instead, he let Eve get mixed up in that business with the snake and the apple, and soon thereafter, naturally, he lost his bargaining position.

If that was for a long time my only anti-feminist charge, I have now developed another. Why is it that women must form a circle of five (never more and seldom less), and stand talking interminably in front of works of art at public exhibitions? At the superb show of the Vienna collections, now at the Metropolitan Museum and later to be seen in Chicago and San Francisco, I met such groups on each of several visits. The women did not congregate before the fairly large and, as usual, somewhat boring Frans Hals; they assembled in front of the marvelous Pieter de Hooch, or moved without breaking ranks to the even more marvelous Vermeer—two of the finest pictures in the show and both small enough to be effectively blocked from sight. I don't know what valedictory art instruction is given at women's colleges. I hope that there is firm, if brief, counsel in Breaking It Up.

The exhibition at the Metropolitan is one of the most elegant displays of works of art ever held in this country. I use the word "elegant" deliberately, for the Viennese collections testify time and again to the luxurious tastes that formed them. The jeweled vessels from the Imperial Workshop of the seventeenth century set the key for the exhibition's pervading atmosphere of sensuous relish, extravagance, and quality. "Painting is for pleasure," the pictures seem to say, and when one of them says something else, as in the case of Dürer's "Martyrdom of Ten Thousand Christians," the gallery audience moves away, not wishing to hear thunder in so dulcet a climate. The exhibition includes only a portion of Vienna's possessions. It begins with the sixteenth and ends with the eighteenth centuries, and in this field concentrates on outstanding works. But if Gothic spirituality and the more austere forms of Renaissance humanism are absent, what is present erects a glittering panoply to man's longing for opulent enjoyment. The show is all the more welcome for arriving at this juncture in our own knotted and ominous era.

The exhibition begins in a foyer with two fine topographical pictures by the eighteenth-century Italian master Bernardo Bellotto. The two paintings reveal a significant part of Hapsburg Austria's architectural façade, but I am afraid they are lost to most visitors who, tickets in hand, are drawn irresistibly through an adjoining turnstile into the exhibition proper. There, in the first gallery, hangs Correggio's "Jupiter and Io," wherein the lovely priestess is embraced by Jupiter in the form of a cloud—not the least ingenious of the disguises the god assumed in making his way around Olympus's extramarital circuit. The eighteenth century thought Correggio the peer of the greatest fifteenth-century masters. His fame has since declined to such a point that today he is discussed primarily as the creator of that inescapable signpost to the Baroque, the decoration of the dome in Parma's cathedral. Yet "Jupiter and Io" is a skilled and appealing picture. The eighteenth century's rococo style owes much to its sort of warm grace.

THE sixteenth-century Venetians—Titian, Lorenzo Lotto, Jacopo Bassano, Tintoretto, and Veronese—were especially admired by their Northern neighbors in Austria, and all but one are shown at the Metropolitan by capital works. In one gallery are installed



—*The Metropolitan Museum of Art.*

"Susanna and the Elders"—"a glittering panoply to man's longing for opulent enjoyment."

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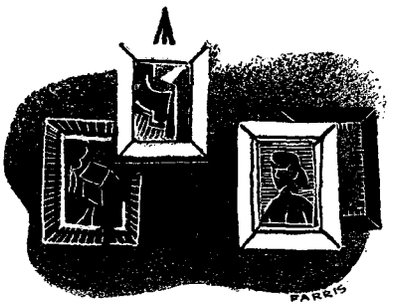

Tintoretto's "Susanna and the Elders" and Titian's less famous but no less certain masterpiece "A Nymph and a Shepherd." The former is the picture I would make off with first from the show, if larceny's retribution were waived for a moment by an art-struck Providence. The figure of Susanna is incandescent. The flower-laced hedge is surely one of the most poetic inventions in Western painting. Around its edges the two elders gape like senile schoolboys, their frantic postures recalling Hans Tietze's statement that Tintoretto's figures often stand as though they were "on the rolling deck of a ship in rough sea." Yet "Susanna and the Elders," for all its luminosity and compositional daring, cannot quite blot from mind Titian's "Nymph and Shepherd," with its murky richness and incalculable mystery of mood. Far less complicated than his pupil Tintoretto, Titian here brings color to a perfection of atmospheric eloquence. His "Nymph and Shepherd" is a painting which repays hours of quiet study, whereas Tintoretto's "Susanna" kicks out at once, like a gold-shod charger.

After such performances by sixteenth-century Venice's brightest stars, the turns by their colleagues are bound to seem lesser affairs. Nevertheless, Bassano's "Adoration of the Magi" is good enough to be mistaken for an early El Greco, as a friend of mine has remarked, and the "Virgin and Child with Saints" by Lotto is a more than competent continuation of the fifteenth-century tradition. Only Veronese, as represented in the Vienna show, falls below standard, and perhaps one of his big decorations from Venetia is needed to restore his true rank. Even his "Judith with the Head of Holofernes" sounds, however faintly, the labor of second gear.

Veronese's interest in the story of Judith rises, in the succeeding epoch of the Baroque, to a fever of excitement over the theme of decapitation, a theme which appealed to the seventeenth century's love of violent climax. In the Vienna show, for example, both Carlo Saraceni and Francesco Solimena portray Judith with her bloody prize, while Strozzi shows Salome with Saint John's head, and the eighteenth century's flashing maestro Giovanni Battista Tiepolo at last rescues women from their gory chores in "Hannibal with the Head of Hasdrubal." All these pictures are of exceptional quality. Indeed, one of the great virtues of the Vienna exhibition as a whole is that it points up the validity and power of the Baroque style at its best, making it appear a logical if radical extension of the Renaissance. It is our own century which has rediscovered the Baroque, once fallen unfairly into melodrama's oblivion, and art history is immeasurably richer as a result. If Caravaggio's "Madonna and Saints" is a rather cold statement from so turbulent a prophet, there are numerous Baroque pictures in the exhibition which deserve close attention, among them two Caracciolos, Giuseppe Maria Crespi's "Aeneas, the Sibyl and Charon," Domenico Fetti's "Moses and the Burning Bush," a fair Ribera, a magnificent Salvator Rosa, and, of course, several outstanding works by Northern baroque's most important master, Rubens.

AND you are not yet at the end of Vienna's wonders. Ruisdael's "The Great Wood" makes crystal clear why Holland played so vital a part in seventeenth-century landscape painting. The pictures by Velasquez prove once more that no one ever enlivened the oil-paint surface more brilliantly; the little "Guardi of the Arsenal" at Venice is a jewel in that city's last major style. Finally, if my five ladies have moved on by now, you can see Vermeer's world-famous "The Artist in His Studio" and Pieter de Hooch's "A Family Group." Quite apart from their intrinsic values, these pictures are relevant to two principal concerns of modern art; psychological reference and abstract order. Vermeer's self-portrait is "quoted" as a symbol of bygone perfection in a number of Salvador Dali's canvases; the geometric precisions and primary tonal contrasts of the De Hooch explain why Mondrian remained so essentially Dutch.

"Art Treasures from the Vienna Collections" is the right title for this exhibition. Yet after seeing the show, I felt a strong sense of pride in walking on through the Metropolitan's own collections. Compared to the great museums of Europe, the Metropolitan is an infant in arms. But looking at its treasures, remembering those in Washington, Philadelphia, Boston, Hartford, Cleveland, Chicago, and other American cities, it was impossible not to marvel at how far we have come in so short a time. We have had the money, of course. We also, it seems, have had the necessary devotion and taste.

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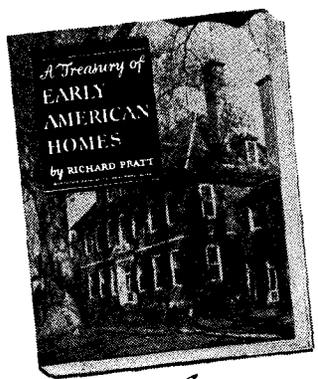

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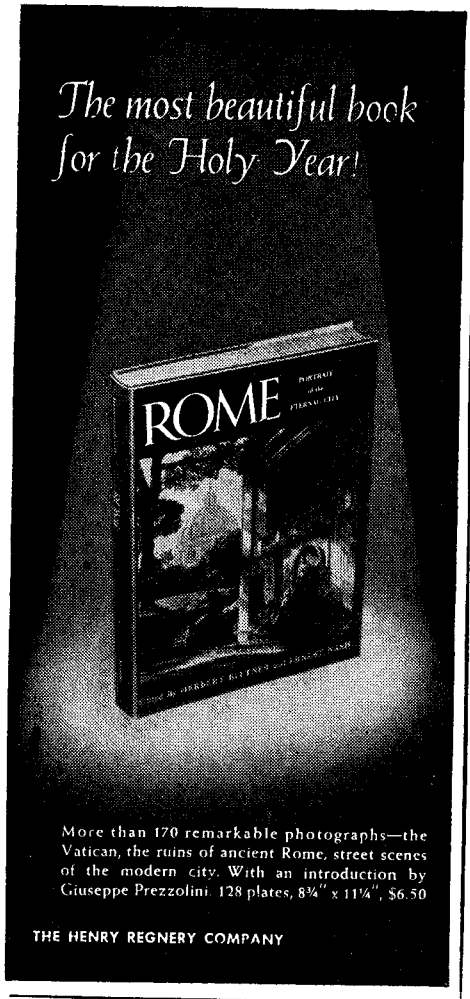
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MEDIEVAL MONASTERIES AND MINSTERS. By H. Ernest Roberts. New York: The Macmillan Co. 160 *pp.*, 32 *plates.* $2.50.

By Sumner McK. Crosby

PROFESSOR BOASE in the first paragraph of his editor's preface states with admirable clarity and directness the approach adopted for the new "Oxford History of English Art":

> Our tradition of connoisseurship, the detailed study of works of art and objects of antiquity in order to decide their date and provenance, is, it is true, well established. . . . This resolute objectivity has been the complete antithesis of the exuberance of *Stilkritik*. We still suspect the wider speculations by which analysis of styles provides not only a precise instrument of attribution but also an indication of phases of emotional temperament.

He further explains that this new series will be the first attempt to present a complete survey of English art. "It will achieve its aim if it leaves the subject in a more consistent form, better related to our history as a whole, the ground better prepared for the researches of the future." Dr. Joan Evans in her volume, "English Art 1307-1461," which is Volume V in the series but is actually the first to be published, demonstrates with skill and thoroughness the possibilities of such an approach.

With an affection born of a lifelong study of medieval art, Miss Evans enumerates and describes the different monuments of the "Decorated" and "Perpendicular" styles in England. But unless the reader is well acquainted with these buildings, tombs, manuscripts, and objects in different museum collections, he will find it difficult to understand just what these "styles" actually were. A style in art is more than a collection of works of art that can be assigned to certain specific historical periods. As Henri Foçillon has written, "A style is a development, a coherent grouping of forms united by a reciprocal fitness, whose essential harmony is nevertheless in many ways testing itself, building itself, and annihilating itself." Miss Evans, with real sensitivity, perceives the origin of the "Decorated Style" in the Eleanor Crosses erected in the last decade of the thirteenth century by Edward I to commemorate each resting-place of his beloved queen. The beginnings of the "Perpendicular" are also recognized in the original forms at St. Augustine's, Bristol, as early as c. 1320. But the objectivity of the connoisseur gives predominant emphasis to the historical and iconographic justification for assigning given dates and to mentioning all works of art that may possibly be related to a stylistic principle, which is only vaguely or summarily defined. Miss Evans escapes pedantry by her colorful descriptions, but she risks incoherence by her method of listing different types of art without exposing the principles that establish their "reciprocal fitness."

It is also somewhat disappointing for those who know and admire England to encounter the familiar self-disparagement—the constant acquiescence to the premise that English art seldom if ever reached the heights of the great masterpieces on the Continent. Modesty is a virtue, greatly to be admired and even emulated by many Americans, but one wonders at times whether it isn't a convenient device employed to avoid certain problematical, but usually provocative, discussions. Miss Evans, for instance, relegates to a footnote and thence to another volume the whole question of the influence of English Perpendicular on the development of the French flamboyant style. Her previous observations about English Decorated prove, on the other hand, that she is aware of the spatial implications of what she calls rather quaintly the "nodding" or curvilinear arches that appear as early as 1312 on the Bishop's Throne at Exeter Cathedral. Is it not in these sinuous, projecting forms and not in the later interweaving ones of the "Perpendicular" that the germs of flamboyant art are to be found? English vitality and inventiveness deserve more credit than usually accorded.

American scholars in particular will be amused at Miss Evans's query as to whether timber-framed houses should be included under the term architecture. They are likely as well to feel that $10 is a lot to pay for a volume, which, in spite of the high quality of the ninety-seven plates, is essentially a modest one.

Miss Evans has, however, assembled in this volume much material not available elsewhere and many of her chapters will prove useful to all students of English civilization.

Mr. Roberts's "Notes on the Medieval Monasteries and Minsters of England and Wales" is a straightforward collection of notes on all surviving vestiges of English monastic

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building. Here the antiquarian has satisfied his peculiar passion for collecting—in this case the collector's items can be assembled only in a book. The austere and usually very summary notes, arranged alphabetically by counties from the Provinces of Canterbury, York, and Wales, are enhanced by a brief identification of the different orders of monks, canons, and friars and of the parts of a monastery. The illustrations have been chosen to identify the different traditional periods in English medieval architecture from Norman through Tudor (one photograph per period) and as well to show through surviving monastic structures what a typical abbey or priory looked like. The language is abbreviated in the manner of the avid collector. Taken at random is this note on Chester Cathedral: "The choir is late E. E.; the nave Dec. and Perp." Dimensions are also given for most important buildings. It is interesting to discover, for instance, that Chester Cathedral covers an area of 32,220 sq. feet, although the intrinsic value of such facts is often elusive.

These "notes" should prove useful to the tourist or amateur who collects buildings as he travels. The serious student or scholar will find small nourishment.

Sumner McK. Crosby, chairman of the Department of the History of Art in Yale University and a specialist on medieval art, is author of the "Abbey of St. Denis I."

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LANDSCAPE PAINTING. By Kenneth Clark. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 148 *pp., including* 119 *illustrations.* $5.

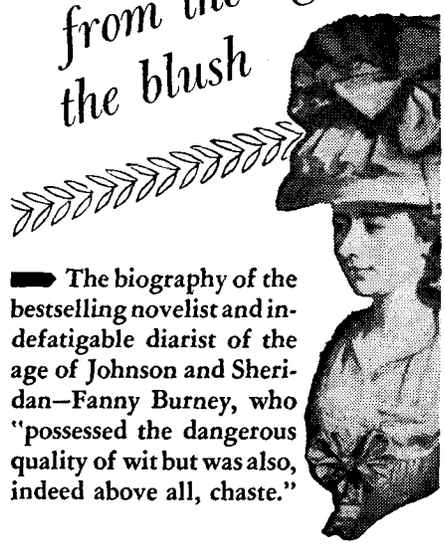
By JOHN REWALD

"THE PUBLICATION of lectures is a well-known form of literary suicide," says Sir Kenneth Clark in the introduction to his book "Landscape Painting" (published in England under the more elaborate title "Landscape Into Art"). He also insists that he does not intend to offer a treatise on the history of landscape painting. Indeed, these lectures, given under a Slade professorship in Oxford by the former director of the London National Gallery, do not present a strictly chronological survey but rather a novel and ingenious attempt to explain man's attitude towards nature through the ages, as reflected in his approach to landscape as a means of pictorial expression. This excursion into the past is designed to put into sharper focus the art of the recent past and the present, where landscape plays such an important role. That the author chose precisely landscape painting as the best subject leading to an evaluation of contemporary art could be explained also to some extent—though he himself does not say so—by the fact that it was here that the British made their most significant contribution to art. Thus Sir Kenneth, while covering considerable ground, found an excellent pretext to include some highly interesting pages on the British school.

After discussing samples from Hellenistic frescoes, medieval manuscripts and mosaics, gothic tapestries and illuminations, the author proceeds towards paintings in which landscape takes an increasing importance as background for figure scenes, accompanied by well-chosen photographs of details, until humans and animals become incidental and the landscape eventually emerges as an end in itself. Throughout his text landscape painting is related to the general feeling for nature of the period, with very apt quotations from literary and other sources. Occasionally comparisons with music, such as a Turner-Wagner parallel, reflect the author's vast culture and fine perceptiveness. Sometimes, however, such comparisons may appear bewildering as, for instance, when we find the names of Grünewald and Disney linked together or the statement that Cézanne's watercolors often "seem to be almost Whistlerian in their elegance."

The reader may not always agree with Sir Kenneth, who instead of mentioning everybody has preferred to concentrate on those artists who in his opinion have made the most significant contribution towards the art of landscape painting. His omissions are therefore no accidents, though some will come as a surprise. Others may object to the author's analysis of individual artists, for Sir Kenneth always speaks his mind openly and does not hesitate to point out what he considers weaknesses even in those masters whom he admires. But in no way can it be denied that his book offers very stimulating reading. Its brilliant style and penetrating definitions are strangely accentuated by occasional lapses into colloquialisms and generalizations. Were it not for these, one might never suspect that this book is based on lectures. Nonetheless Sir Kenneth emerges from this form of "suicide" as much alive as ever.

A literary lady from the age of the ballot salutes a literary lady from the age of the blush



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Line Engraving, Etching, Dry Point...

NEW WAYS OF GRAVURE. By S. W. Hayter. New York: Pantheon Books. 275 *pp.* $5.

By MARGARET LOWENGRUND

THIS is more than a handbook. Short of prolonged study with the author, a better course in the processes of line-engraving, etching, dry point, aquatint, and bitten textures would be hard to find. The context is detailed, explicit, and generously proportioned. Punctuated at every step from "Printing Methods" to a chapter on "The Rarity of Prints" by reproductions of the work of many masters, the book gives—gives as bluntly and freely as if each page began "Here, take it. It's all yours . . ." The only requisite is the capacity to accept.

If Mr. Hayter includes himself among the masters, he here has convincing reason. Among significantly chosen works by Masson, Goya, Picasso, and Dürer, Hayter's own plates have extra meaning. Singly they are contemporary essays, technical feats with certain powers and certain limitations. Here they illustrate a method, point a contrast, prove a brilliance of technique which cannot be outdistanced in the best company. To the feet of the student as well as the curious layman is brought the experience of half a lifetime, at least, in the experimental field of an art form, *pratique* in its essence because it is not only the first means of communicating ideas and recording experience but because it is naturally a reproductive process.

In his preface, Herbert Read describes the wide influence of Hayter as an artist with a philosophy. If art has hitherto been "a criticism of life," Mr. Read contends this artist goes still further than Rembrandt in a search for reality. Mr. Hayter clarifies this: "I want to distinguish the pursuit of reality from the pursuit of objects; to combine immediate experience with experience of the imagination."

Symbolic form may be the author's particular means to emphasize this point. The stress is equal, however, on traditional as well as freshly realized methods. Materials and processes of ageless works are revealed page by page. In brief, the book explains techniques, including workshop planning and equipment; color printing from intaglio plates is not neglected among printing methods nor is mezzotint in etching.

In the last chapter Mr. Hayter reiterates his conviction that "for a generation both sculptors and graphic

artists have shown an intense preoccupation with the interpretation of imaginary space. They have not been alone for in consequence of the increased technical means of action in space and time the whole world has developed the same interest." To the question of idea, of content and significance of the final image, Hayter answers that the tie between inspiration and execution is so complete that the antithesis between them has no real existence. Here the case may rest, in my opinion, and rest secure.

Art Notes

THE PAINTINGS OF FRANS HALS, by N. S. Trivas. Phaidon-Oxford. $5. In his introduction, Mr. Trivas observes that in the past fifty years more than 500 books and articles have been published on Frans Hals. Of those still in print and available in this country, I know of none that offers so much for the price. This volume contains 160 large plates. Since Hals's primary interest was in portraiture, many heads have been enlarged to life size to facilitate close study. Mr. Trivas's elaborate notes for each picture are particularly valuable because they are largely concerned with the authenticity of the works. In Hals's case this is an important consideration, for he employed many assistants, seven of his sons were artists painting in his style, and he was frequently copied and forged even in his own lifetime. This book is a second, unrevised edition of a work that originally appeared in 1941.

EUGENE DELACROIX, by Jacques Lassaigne. Harper. $2.50. Jacques Lassaigne, whose name has appeared on the title pages of ponderous volumes on Goya, Daumier, and Lautrec, here covers Delacroix in brief but comprehensive fashion. Because Delacroix's career bridged the end of the eighteenth century with the early years of impressionism, he offers, historically and esthetically, innumerable important facets for the consideration of the student and serious layman. Lassaigne examines these with a sharp eye and a light hand, not even slighting the intriguing question of the artist's paternity—was it really Talleyrand?

This is the third item to appear in Harper's moderately priced Masters in Art Series. Of the thirty-nine full-page plates nine are in color.

ONE HUNDRED MASTER DRAWINGS, edited by Agnes Mongan. Harvard. $7.50. The nucleus of this book was a loan exhibition of seventy drawings held at the Fogg Art Museum late in 1948 to celebrate the seventieth birthday of Professor Paul Sachs. To these have been added thirty drawings acquired by the Museum and the Sachs collection during the past decade. The drawings shown here range from unknown masters of the fourteenth century to Toulouse-Lautrec. Some of them have never been reproduced before; all are excellently printed. On the page facing each drawing is comment by one of a group of fifteen distinguished museum directors and university professors. There is also an introductory essay, "Drawing and the Man of Letters," by Jean Segnac of the Harvard faculty, as well as a glossary of technical terms employed throughout the volume.

—L. R. SANDER.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT: No. 354

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 354 will be found in the next issue.

KLM HBPM BC G RBA SP

SKP SRGOSHGKSBH. AW

KLSP, GK GHW KSRM, SK

DGH AM XZSMKEW EMQ.

M. G. TBM —RGNOSHGESG

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 353

Do not be ashamed of mistakes—and so make them crimes.
—CONFUCIUS-BOOK OF HISTORY.

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WRITERS' WORKOUTS

(*Continued from page 27*)

the first two weeks of June, with meetings on the Del Mar campus.

In addition to courses in painting and music, there is a full-time workshop in poetry and the short story under the direction of Robert P. Tristram Coffin.

Fees are kept low as this is a non-profit venture.

REGIONAL WRITERS' WORKSHOP, under the auspices of the University of Denver, Alan Swallow, director, was started in 1945. This year the dates are June 19-July 21. The Workshop runs the first five-week term of the university's summer school and is a part of the regular courses in creative writing. College credits may be had for the courses.

Tuition is $9 a credit or audit hour, students enrolling for the workshop as a part of their regular work paying $65. Individual sessions may be attended, with the tuition apportioned accordingly. Living expenses are moderate.

Among the staff members are Marian Castle, Thomas Hornsby Ferrill, Thomas W. Duncan, Vincent McHugh, J. V. Cunningham, Dorothy E. S. Hansen, Florence Crannell Means, and Virginia Greene Millikin.

FORDHAM UNIVERSITY'S SUMMER INSTITUTE OF PROFESSIONAL WRITING, under the auspices of Fordham University, the Rev. Alfred J. Barrett, director, was started in 1948, and this year's dates are July 5 to August 13. All sessions are on the university campus, 190th St. and Third Ave., The Bronx, New York City.

Tuition fee for any combination of courses does not exceed $100 full time, with many courses offered at $15 each. The registration fee is $5.

Workshop courses are supervised by Anne Fremantle, David Marshall, Edward A. Walsh, Charles J. Felten, Meyer Berger, Herschel Brickell, and Father Barrett. Visiting lecturers will include Leo Brady, Rudolph Flesch, John Kieran, T. S. Matthews, Fulton Oursler, Clifford J. Laube, Red Smith, and George Sokolsky.

HUCKLEBERRY MOUNTAIN WORKSHOP-CAMP, Hendersonville, N. C., Evelyn G. Haines, executive director. Class work will be offered at this unique institution from June 26 to August 27.

Students live in log cabins and are expected to contribute a minimum of half an hour a day to camp routine. Expenses: tuition, $10 a week in any subject, all phases of writing being covered; board and room, single cabin, $45 a week; shared double cabin, $25 a week per person.

Among the staff members are Edwin Osgood Grover, Vivian Laramore Rader, George Nicholas, Eulalie Osgood Grover, Roy Flynn, and Hollis Summers. Visiting lecturers this year are expected to include Edwin Granberry, Margaret Christie, Don Waters, and Archibald Rutledge.

WRITERS CONFERENCE OF IDAHO STATE COLLEGE, Pocatello, director, W. F. Jacob, chairman, Department of English. This is a new conference, and the dates for 1950 are June 26-30.

The registration fee will be $10, with other expenses at a minimum. The plan is to have a four-day meeting covering various phases of writing and publishing, with the expectation that the proceedings will be published.

Lecturers thus far appointed include Alan Swallow, director of the University of Denver's Regional Writers' Workshop; Forrester Blake, and Charlton Laird, with two more to be added.

INDIANA UNIVERSITY WRITERS CONFERENCE, Bloomington, Richard B. Hudson, director, was started in 1940 under the directorship of Ralph L. Collins. A special conference for writers under thirty is included, the dates this year being July 9-15, with the regular conference which closes July 22, following immediately.

Expenses: young writers, $20 for full participation, with room and board available at $1.50 a day; for the main conference a tuitional fee of $15 will be charged for the first workshop of six meetings, with $10 for each additional workshop attended.

Among the staff members are Louise Bogan, John Crowe Ransom, Allen Tate, Lillian Smith, and Caroline Gordon.

UNIVERSITY OF KANSAS CITY WRITERS CONFERENCE, under the auspices of the University of Kansas City, Gorham Munson, director. The first session was held in 1949, and the dates this year are June 7-17.

Expenses: an over-all fee of $30 is charged, with room and board to be had convenient to the university.

The staff will include Muriel Fuller, Charles Angoff, William C. Lengyel, Melville Cane, and Margot Johnson.

The address of the secretary is 5100 Rockhill Rd., Kansas City 4, Mo.

THE KENYON SCHOOL OF ENGLISH, Kenyon College, Gambier, O., Gordon Keith

SRL'S GUIDE TO WRITERS' CONFERENCES

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July 5 to August 11, 1950

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Workshop courses are supervised by Herschel Brickell, editor Annual O. Henry Collection of the Best Short Stories of the Year; Anne Fremantle, novelist and author of "Desert Calling"; David Marshall, Patterson Professor of Journalism; Edward A. Walsh, public relations consultant; Charles J. Felten, author of "Layout"; Meyer Berger, feature writer of the N. Y. Times; and Rev. Alfred Barrett, S.J., chairman of the Journalism Division.

Visiting lecturers will include: Leo Brady, "Edge of Doom"; Rudolph Flesch, "The Art of Plain Talk", John Kieran, editor of Information Please; T. S. Matthews, editor of Time; William I. Nichols, editor of This Week; Fulton Oursler, "The Greatest Story Ever Told"; Red Smith, sports writer of the N. Y. Herald Tribune; George Sokolsky, columnist N. Y. Journal-American; Neil MacNeil, assistant managing editor N. Y. Times; Clifford J. Laube, poet; Bob Considine, columnist; Arthur Daley, sports columnist; Henry Denker, novelist and playwright; Ralph Morse, Life photographer; Robert Giroux, book editor.

Address inquiries about admission and fees to Journalism Division, Fordham University, New York 58, N. Y.

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Writers' Conference
BOULDER, COLO.
July 24-August 11

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Francis Fergusson Wallace Fowlie
Children's Books: Phyllis Whitney

For folder write R. W. STALLMAN, Leader,
WRITERS' CONFERENCE,
UNIVERSITY of CONNECTICUT
STORRS, CONNECTICUT

MARLBORO FICTION WRITERS' CONFERENCE

August 16th to 30th

¶ The conference will again be under the direction of Walter Hendricks, John Farrar and Edmund Fuller. There will be intensive courses in the short story and the novel, personal conferences on individual writing problems, afternoon round-table discussions on the technique of fiction writing and evening lectures.

¶ The course in the novel will again be conducted by Edmund Fuller and the short story by Mavis McIntoch. Visiting lecturers include Charles Jackson, Dorothy Canfield Fisher, Ludwig Lewisohn, Frederick Babcock, Frederic Van de Water, Shirley Jackson, Stanley Hyman, Olin Clark, Nicholas Wreden, Dorothy Thompson, Henry Beston, Elizabeth Coatsworth, Elizabeth Page, Ely Culbertson. Limited to sixty members.

¶ Applicants must submit a manuscript. Address inquiries regarding admission and fees to Walter Hendricks, Marlboro College, Marlboro, Vermont.

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JUNE 7-17,1950

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For Bulletin, write:
Director, Writers' Conference,
Univ. of Kansas City, Kansas City 4, Mo.

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by Paul A. W. Wallace

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25 West 45 Street, New York, N. Y.

Chalmers, president, Charles M. Coffin, dean, held its first session in 1948, and the dates this year are June 22-August 5. The school is in the hands of three senior fellows, F. O. Matthiessen, John Crowe Ransom, and Lionel Trilling. It is designed primarily for graduate students, but writers and teachers properly qualified may be admitted. The total number of students is eighty.

Expenses: tuition, $100; board, $110; lodging in a dormitory, $45, and health and recreation fee, $7. Arrangements are made on a pro-rata basis for auditors unable to take the full course.

The staff is made up of twenty fellows, among them, with their lecture subjects, Kenneth Burke, "Poetry as Symbolic Action"; William Empson, "The Word of Poetry: Studies in the English Tradition"; L. C. Knights, "Shakespeare"; Robert Lowell, "The Dramatic Lyric and Monologue"; Arthur Mizener, "Studies in Twentieth-Century American and English Fiction"; Philip Blair Rice, "Philosophy of Criticism"; Delmore Schwartz, "The Short Story"; Austin Warren, "Emily Dickinson and Walt Whitman."

STATE OF MAINE WRITERS CONFERENCE, Ocean Park, Adelbert M. Jakeman, Ocean Park, advisory chairman, to be held this year August 3 and 4.

A registration fee of $1 covers all activities.

Among the leaders will be Robb Sangendorph, editor of *Yankee* magazine; Doris Marston, Dan Kelly, president of the Maine Poetry Fellowship, and Loring Williams, editor of the poetry quarterly *American Weave.*

A reception will be held for Maine writers and there will be a poetry tournament open to any verse writer who cares to read his work in competition.

MARLBORO COLLEGE CONFERENCE ON FICTION, under the auspices of Marlboro College, Walter Hendricks, president of the college, co-director with John Farrar. The first session was held in 1949 and the dates this year are August 16-30.

Only those taking the full courses in the novel and the short story are admitted, and the fee is $100.

Edmund Fuller will again conduct the course in the novel and Mavis McIntosh will give the short-story course. Lecturers from last year's staff who will appear again include Charles Jackson, Ludwig Lewisohn, Dorothy Canfield Fisher, Frederic Babcock, Nicholas Wreden, Frederick F. Van de Water, Shirley Jackson, and Stanley Hyman. Among the new lecturers will be Dorothy Thompson, Henry Beston, and Elizabeth Page.

MID-AMERICA REGIONAL WRITERS CONFERENCE, under the auspices of Kansas State College, Manhattan, Earle Davis, director, Robert Conover, secretary. This is another new conference, and the dates this year are June 19-30.

In addition to the courses offered at all conferences that undertake to cover the customary branches of writing, this meeting will have by way of innovation special workshops and discussions in the preparation of articles, illustrated and otherwise, for farm and home magazines.

Among those on an unusually large staff are John Bird of the *Country Gentleman*; Nelson Antrim Crawford, Kenneth Davis, J. Frank Dobie, T. Swann Harding, Russell Lord, Ross McLaury Taylor, Paul Dittemore of Milling Production, Tom Leadley, editor of the *Nebraska Farmer,* and many others.

Complete details of expenses, etc., may be had from Robert Conover, the secretary. Room and board will be provided on the campus at reasonable rates.

THE MIDWESTERN WRITERS CONFERENCE, began in 1947 and maintains permanent headquarters from September to August each year, conducting nightly clinics from October to May. The address is Suite 540, 410 S. Michigan Ave., Chicago, and Alice Manning Dickey is the director. This year's dates are the week of July 10, with workshops starting on the morning of July 11.

Expenses: over-all ticket, $24; clinics, novel, junior fiction, poetry, and non-fiction, $10 each; short story, $15; sampler ticket for six admissions, $10; auditor's ticket for each clinic, $8, with the exception of the short-story workshop, which is $10. Accommodations are to be had at hotels, and reservations should be made as early as possible.

A number of prizes are offered for the best manuscripts in various categories.

The advisory council of the Conference, which is sponsored by literary and other groups in and near Chicago, is made up of well-known Midwestern writers and literary editors.

MISSOURI WRITERS WORKSHOP, sponsored by the Department of English and the School of Journalism of the University, with William Peden as director, was started in 1947, and will be held this year from June 19-24.

Expenses: tuition is $15 for a class, including manuscript reading, with a charge of $10 each for additional classes. Room and board are available at $20.

This year the short-story classes will be divided into those emphasizing the commercial appeal and the literary appeal.

Staff and speakers include James Farrell, Frank Luther Mott, Ray B. West, Jr., Vincent McHugh, Robert Neal, Eileen Davis, and Donald Drummond.

THE WRITERS CONFERENCE OF THE UNIVERSITY OF NEW HAMPSHIRE, Durham, was begun in 1938 by Carroll S. Towle, who has been its chairman ever since. The 1950 dates are August 14-25.

Room and board may be had for the special rate of $23.50 for the session, the rooms in a dormitory, and the meals in the university cafeteria.

Expenses: tuition, contributors, entire conference, $45; one week, $28.50; auditors, entire conference, $37.50; one week, $21; registration fee, $5, payable in advance. A limited number of tuition scholarships are available.

Among the staff members are Robert P. Tristram Coffin, Rolfe Humphries, Loyd Haberly, Gorham Munson, Marjorie Fischer, William E. Harris, Barbara Frost, Herschel Brickell, Edmund Cortez, and Dorothy Towle.

SHORT COURSE IN PROFESSIONAL WRITING, under the auspices of the University of Oklahoma's English Department and Extension Division, Norman; W. S. Campbell (Stanley Vestal), director, began in 1938 with a one-day session. Present courses last four days and this year's dates are June 6-9.

This meeting grew out of work done in professional writing under the direction of Professor Campbell and his assistants. The total tuition fee is $5, with room and board available on the campus at moderate rates. Fees for manuscript reading are arranged between writer and instructor.

THE WRITERS CONFERENCE IN THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS, under the auspices of the University of Colorado, William E. Wilson, director, began in 1930 and was given up in 1942, being reopened in 1947. The 1950 dates are July 24 to August 11. Enrollment is limited to 125.

Expenses: minimum tuition, $45, based on the rate of $15 a single workshop for a week's duration. The charge for each workshop beyond the first three is $10 up to a maximum of $85, which includes admission to all workshops. Students may enroll for one, two, or three weeks, provided the maximum tuition is paid.

Reading fees are in addition to tuition and run as follows: book-length manuscript, $15; fifty pages of work in progress, $10; thirty-five pages in the short story, limit of three stories, or in non-fiction, $7.50; other types of writing in proportion.

Accommodations are provided in a university dormitory at varying prices, as well as in private homes and hotels. A deposit of $10 must accompany each application for a room reservation, in addition to the $10 deposit for registration. A number of scholarships are available, especially to college students.

This year's staff includes Walter Havighurst, Walter Van Tilburg Clark, Rolfe Humphries, Edward H. Schmidt, Frank Brookhouser, Mabel Seeley, Jeanette Covert Nolan, and C. E. Scoggins.

WRITERS' CONFERENCE OF THE UNIVERSITY OF UTAH. Salt Lake City, Brewster Ghiselin, director, was started in 1947 and will be held this year June 19-30.

Expenses: fees are $30 for full members (contributors) and $22.50 for auditors. For book-length manuscripts an additional fee of $12 is charged. Room and board are available in a dormitory at from $15 to $18 a week, and other accommodations are also to be had at varying prices.

Evening lectures and workshops on June 25 only are available for part-time attendance at a fee of $4 for evening lectures, $2 each for workshops.

Among the leaders this year will be Louise Bogan, Allen Tate, Walter Van Tilburg Clark, Irwin Shaw, Herschel Brickell, and Marjorie Flack.

WRITERS' INSTITUTE OF THE UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN, will be held this year, June 26—August 18.

Expenses: Session fee, $60. Housing is available in college halls, sororities, and private homes.

Details may be obtained by writing Professor Paul Fulcher, Bascom Hall, Madison, Wisconsin.

Note: No word has been received concerning this year's sessions of the OMAHA WRITERS' CONFERENCE and the MICHIGAN CONFERENCE FOR WRITERS. News of the first, when available, may be had from L. V. Jacks, Hotel Paxton, Omaha, and of the second from Margaret Seaton, Detroit Forum. The League of Vermont Writers has an annual meeting and information may be had from Murray Hoyt, president, Middlebury, Vt. THE PACIFIC NORTHWEST CONFERENCE, at the University of Washington, begun in 1945, has been suspended, at least temporarily.

Herschel Brickell has served on the staff of several writers' conferences and was editor and part-author of "Writers on Writing: How to Write, How to Sell," a 1949 Doubleday book.

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The New Recordings

COMPOSITION, PERFORMER, ALBUM NUMBER, NUMBER OF RECORDS	ENGINEERING *Recording Technique, Surface*	PERFORMANCE AND CONTENT
BACH		
BACH: "ST. MATTHEW PASSION." Soloists, chorus, orch. of Berlin Radio, Boys' Choir of St. Hedwig Cathedral; dir. Fritz Lehmann. Vox LP: DLP 6070 (4) (LP only)	A fully modern recording (1949) from tape, with difficult problems of balance — double chorus & orch., solos, organ, boys' choir — very well solved. Some unaccountable small cuts, missing notes (lost tape?); otherwise complete. Patching mostly good. Bit fuzzy in some inside grooves.	All in all, a splendid "St. Matthew," with inestimable advantage of unbroken continuity. Some tired spots, but general level of performance very high; sincere, natural, unforced. Evangelist (Helmut Kreps) excellent, as is chorus. Continuo (mostly organ) poor, as recorded. Easily outmatches any "St. M." available in U.S.
BACH: "ITALIAN CONCERTO"; "CONCERTO AFTER MARCELLO" (solo keyboard works). Edith Weiss-Mann, harpsichord. Allegro LP: LA 5 (10") (LP only)	An excellent ultra-wide-range harpsichord recording of a fine-toned instrument. Rather high volume level. Sharp, metallic, but avoids thin, "tinny" sound of some recordings.	True concertos using "solo-orchestra" effects of double keyboard instrument — one familiar, the other rarely heard (and good music, too). Weiss-Mann's playing is hearty, masculine, with excellent musicianship; some finger-slippings can be overlooked.
ROMANTIC — LATE AND VERY LATE		
SCHÖNBERG: "PELLEAS AND MELISANDE" (Symphonic Poem). 1902. Frankfurt Radio Orch., Zillig. Capitol LP: P-8069 (LP only)	Recorded summer 1949, from Schönberg festival — these new Telefunkens don't seem to me as extraordinary as the older ones we've been getting, though they are well up to present standards.	Last gasp of post-Wagnerian romanticism; Schönberg was already heading towards smaller forms, atonality, eventual twelve-tone writing. This is like "Verklärte Nacht" but more so — you'll revel or shudder. Not unlike late Strauss but more introverted, tortured.
BRUCKNER: SYMPHONY #7. Vienna Philharmonic, Jochum. Capitol LP: P-8067,8 (2) (LP only)	Big, broad, resonant sound, appropriately filling an enormous hall. Wide range but a bit distorted, with some noise modulation (varying hiss, rising with music's loud parts). Evidently quite old recording.	With the Fifth scarcely absorbed [*SRL* Feb. 4] this twin recording will overwhelm Brucknerites. (Same fine conductor, different orch.) Full-blown romanticism in its largest, longest form — you must be a devotee to take it whole.
RESPIGHI: "FOUNTAINS OF ROME." Sym. Orch. of the Augusteo, De Sabata. RCA Victor 45: WDM 1337 (2)*	Rich recording, highs opulent rather than brilliant. As lush a sound as the music itself.	Colorful reading of chromatically dazzling score. Fascinating, high-pressure orchestral fountains — but this is no stuff for Beethoven lovers, or even Brucknerites!
PIZETTI: OVERTURE TO "PHAEDRA" ("Fedra"). 1909-12. La Scala Orch., Marinuzzi. Capitol 78: 8-86008 (1)*	An excellent job, this — properly impressionistic in tone quality to match music. Balance between orchestral solos and the whole is particularly nice, natural.	A conventionally, skilfully lush, semi-impressionist overture to early opera of prolific elder statesman of 20th-century Italian music. Offhand, your ear will date this with early Debussy, c. 1890.
SIBELIUS: SYMPHONY #2. Royal Philharmonic, Beecham. RCA Victor 45: WDM 1334 (5)*	Like earlier Royal Philharmonics as issued here, this seems to lack all higher highs, though general sound is excellent. Not as resonant as usual English job.	Sibelius, like Bruckner, is still "controversial." If you like him, Sir Thomas is your best man for bringing out all the music can give. —EDWARD TATNALL CANBY.

*Choice of speeds.

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DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 836

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Elizabeth S. Kingsley

DEFINITIONS

A. Russian dynasty overthrown in 1917 (var. sp.).

B. Incredulity or skepticism, esp. in religious matters.

C. Nickname for the "State" of Kansas.

D. Nonsense (slang).

E. Boxes or stalls, as in an opera house, etc.

F. Works of art, or of human industry, of an early epoch (Bibliog.).

G. People of a European country of ancient Mongolian stock.

H. Greatest need or peril.

I. Deferential; also obsequious.

J. Renown.

K. Surname, subject of book by Esther Forbes, Pulitzer Prize in History, 1943.

L. Inspired with reverent wonder often mixed with fear.

M. The Tibetan with whom Kim traveled (Kipling).

N. An odd, good-hearted young man in "Martin Chuzzlewit" (last name).

O. Naturalist and author just "coming into his own" ("Green Mansions"; 1841-1922).

WORDS

2 148 34 23 166 190 121 181

164 4 128 22 41 88 186 13

24 163 132 39 127 138 11 74

79 92 40 47 10 30

126 95 168 35 97

32 101 124 63 17 59 87 151 49 16

1 111 191 89 161

109 183 172 38 3 147 120 167 179

54 149 162 123 187 70 94 46

61 113 76 177

169 140 173 25 99 72

80 27 100 108

21 73 86 15

20 137 117 114 31

56 125 118 33 62 156

DEFINITIONS

P. A crank with a handle for giving motion to a machine, a grindstone, etc.

Q. One Hebrew youth who came forth unharmed from the fiery furnace (Bib.).

R. Pertaining to stone, esp. as building material.

S. Russian conspirators for constitutional government, Dec. 1825 (hist.).

T. Any member of the dynasty of caliphs which reigned in the East, 661-750.

U. Equivalent of Nerthus in Wagner's "Ring" cycle.

V. Not fanciful or imaginative (comp.).

W. Used up; worn out.

X. Estate to which the hero is heir, in title of novel by Charlotte Yonge, 1853.

Y. Ruined; disorganized (fig.; 3 wds.).

Z. Irish novelist (1896-; "The Informer").

Z¹. One of the Parcae (Rom. relig.).

WORDS

14 189 55 130 58

77 43 182 119 160 51 102 93

110 150 103 7 176 84

65 57 112 68 9 81 52 28 139 142 188

37 145 50 152 171 107

134 185 157 90

36 105 66 98 144 78 85 122 96 131 5 178

75 141 104 174 44 53 153 165 26

143 83 60 158 12 115 69 48 129

133 6 180 29 19 159 184 8 146 71 42 45

18 136 82 116 67 170 175 91 154

106 135 64 155

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Read up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary (second edition).

■	■	■	■	■	■	■	■	1 G	2 A	3 H	4 B	5 V	6 Y	■	7 R	8 Y	9 S	10 D
11 C	12 X	13 B	■	14 P	15 M	16 F	■	17 F	18 Z	19 Y	■	20 N	21 M	22 B	23 A	24 C
25 K	26 W	■	27 L	28 S	29 Y	30 D	■	31 N	32 F	33 O	■	34 A	35 E	36 V	37 T	38 H
39 C	40 D	41 B	42 Y	■	43 Q	44 W	45 Y	46 I	■	47 D	48 X	■	49 F	50 T	51 Q	52 S
53 W	54 I	55 P	■	56 O	57 S	■	58 P	59 F	60 X	■	61 J	62 O	63 F	64 Z¹	65 S	■
66 V	67 Z	68 S	■	69 X	70 I	71 Y	72 K	■	73 M	■	74 C	75 W	76 J	77 Q	78 V	79 D
80 L	81 S	82 Z	83 X	■	84 R	85 V	86 M	87 F	88 B	89 G	90 U	91 Z	92 D	93 Q	94 I	■
95 E	96 V	■	97 E	98 V	99 K	100 L	101 F	102 Q	103 R	104 W	■	105 V	106 Z¹	107 T	■	108 L
109 H	110 R	111 G	112 S	113 J	114 N	115 X	■	116 Z	117 N	118 O	■	119 Q	120 H	121 A	122 V	123 I
124 F	125 O	126 E	127 C	■	128 B	129 X	130 P	131 V	132 C	133 Y	134 U	■	135 Z¹	136 Z	■	137 N
138 C	139 S	■	140 K	141 W	142 S	143 X	144 V	145 T	146 Y	■	147 H	148 A	149 I	150 R	151 F	152 T
153 W	154 Z	■	155 Z¹	156 O	157 U	■	158 X	159 Y	160 Q	161 G	162 I	163 C	164 B	165 W	166 A	167 H
■	168 E	169 K	170 Z	171 T	172 H	■	173 K	174 W	175 Z	176 R	177 J	178 V	179 H	■	180 Y	181 A
■	182 Q	183 H	184 Y	185 U	186 B	187 I	188 S	189 P	190 A	191 G	■	■	■	■	■	■

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 18 of this issue.

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the Phoenix Nest

THE CARAVELS

CHARGED the auburn Queen to the Crown official,
"Of silver and spices and pearl and gold
A tenth be his who shall be our Viceroy
Of all those lands he can take and hold!"

Whispered Green Cross to Royal Ensign,
"We leave Castile on a kingfisher day."
Drawled long ash sweeps to cathead bowers,
"We are manned to give them steerage way."

Rang the falconet to the iron lombard,
"Gold-roofed Cipango may prove far."
Flapped the forecourse to the *papahigo*,
"The ebb-tide lifts us over the bar!"

Creaked fire-basket to pitch-pine flambeau,
"Now look to their courses and change of sail!"
"The Sea of Mares," growled the hanging rudder,
"Has a rougher swirl than a horse's tail!"

Cried Tenerife to the Grand Canary,
"They sail for phantom Borondon!"
Screamed the bo's'n bird to the dabbling petrel,
"The glass sets the watch; the ships drive on!"

Waved Sargasso weed to Trade Wind blowing,
"Too soon they'll be heaving the dipsey lead!"
Spake Sacred Text to all false landfalls,
"God's birds of passage flock overhead."

Marked pen-and-ink gloss on *Imago Mundi*,
"Occident, Orient, close be they!"
Fumed Basque to Galician to Andalusian,
"Lo, day after day after endless day!"

Barked the blue shark, to the floating plankton,
Boring the wave, "Blood's bright of tint!"
Quoth one white-haired to his mutinous captains,
"A green branch floats—wood carved by flint!"

Smiled the wicked Borgia to his Giulia,
"A Pope caresses your golden breast!"
Fretted the wedded rose of England,
"Now Turk and Mongol invade the West!"

Glowed Pegasus to Cassiopeia
From his Great Square to her high-hung Chair,
"Midnight passes. The ships dip onward.
An age is fading—an age aware!"

Lisped puddingwife to slippery-dick,
(Those brilliant fish of the Caribbee!)
"What keels now glide so close above us
To the Lizard Isle, as they sail in three?"

Spake high the Titan of years and eons,
"Wake, world! Now are there worlds the more!
The Deliverer has sailed from Palos
And planted his flag on San Salvador."

—W. R. B.

* * *

MEMORANDA

The trustees of Dove Cottage, Grasmere (Miss Helen Darbishire of Oxford University, chairman) have invited Ernest Bernbaum, professor emeritus of English literature at the University of Illinois, to represent American Wordsworthians at the Centenary celebration at Grasmere April 21-23. Other participants in the program are Basil Willey, of Cambridge University, Lord Beveridge, and the Archbishop of York. . . .

The Third Annual Prize Lyric Competition sponsored by the Chicago Teachers Guild is to discover poems suitable for use in the Guild's annual Song Composition Contest. The prize will be $50. The writer must be a citizen of the United States or possessions, of the Dominion of Canada, or of a Central American republic. The contest closes October 15, 1950. Entrance data may be obtained by sending a stamped, self-addressed envelope to George E. Luntz, North Central College, Naperville, Ill. . . .

An amateur literary magazine which is being published by a group of students on a non-profit basis is *The Stylus, a Magazine for Young Writers.* It is a quarterly. Prose pieces of 1,500 words or less and poems of no more than 100 lines will be considered. These restrictions are imposed by space limitations due to the high cost of printing. All manuscripts and correspondence should be sent to James Wade, 2519 Madison Ave., Granite City, Ill. Subscription contributions

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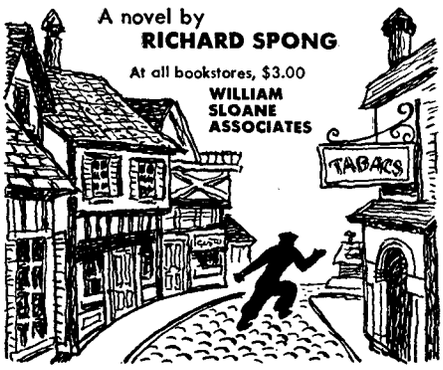

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($1 minimum) should be sent to Mrs. Kathleen Vlahopoulos, 3256 Diversey Blvd., Chicago 47, Ill. . . .

Printed by Whittet & Shepperson in Richmond, Va., is "Humanity Unlimited," twelve sonnets by Mark Van Doren, six of which appeared in *The Nation*. These sonnets were read before the Alpha Chapter of Phi Beta Kappa at the College of William and Mary in Williamsburg, Va., on December 5, 1949. Noble poetry. A collector's item. . . .

The Cummington Press has attractively published in paper covers three items, "The Cricket," by Frederick Goddard Tuckerman (1821-73), printed from his notebooks with permission of his granddaughter Margaret Tuckerman Clark; "Three Poems," by Yvor Winters, and "Two Conceits," by Allen Tate. These are also collector's items. The poem by Tuckerman is much the best. The conceits by Tate are really embarrassingly bad, and while the first of the poems by Yvor Winters appeared originally in the magazine *Poetry*, this work does not seem to me his best. . . .

THE PHOENIX NEST is proud to have published the first poem of Sigrid de Lima some years ago. Now she is a beginning novelist with "Captain's Beach," which has been widely noticed. It is the first published novel to come out of Hiram Haydn's novel workshop at the New School for Social Research. Spring wood anemones to her! . . .

Joseph Francis Murphy, a friend of the *SRL*, is one of the poetry editors of *The Poet's Pen*, a magazine of verse published twice a year. No cash payment but all poems submitted are considered for prizes. Address Vivian F. Ortlepp (not Mr. Murphy!), 125 Pembroke St., Bridgeport, Conn.

* * *

ENIGMA

I taught little Junior
  The value of money
When I thought that he ought
  To be learning it,
But since he's grown up
  It seems funny that sonny
Has not learned the value
  Of earning it.

—DAVID S. STERN.

* * *

—WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. Ariadne. 2. Atalanta. 3. Europa. 4. Echo. 5. Psyche. 6. Daphne. 7. Arachne. 8. Pandora. 9. Andromeda. 10. Danae. 11. Alcestis. 12. Hippolyta. 13. Anaxarete. 14. Antigone. 15. Eurydice. 16. Medea. 17. Epicaste. 18. Scylla. 19. Deianira. 20. Niobe.

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UNCONVENTIONAL MALE, interested in landscape painting, seeks correspondence with similar village artist. Box 919-B.

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YOUNG WOMAN ARTIST, versatile, invites correspondence with laymen and artists. Box 921-B.

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VERSATILE MALE, semi-introvert, hobbies: yachts, writing, photography, travel, invites female correspondence. Box 904-B.

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2 MALE PROGRESSIVES; young, idealistic, seek correspondence with 2 sincere girls. Box 908-B.

TRAVELER GENTLEMAN, 35, intermittently in States, seeks furnished room with storage space, preferably outskirts NYC. Box 909-B.

NEGRO MALE, college, art student, like summer employment, kind unimportant. Will travel. Box 910-B.

1½ ROOM, NYC, village garden apartment for summer rental or exchange housing, Berkeley, Calif. Box 911-B.

MALE COLLEGE GRADUATE, 23, desires position companion, what have you, anything considered. Box 912-B.

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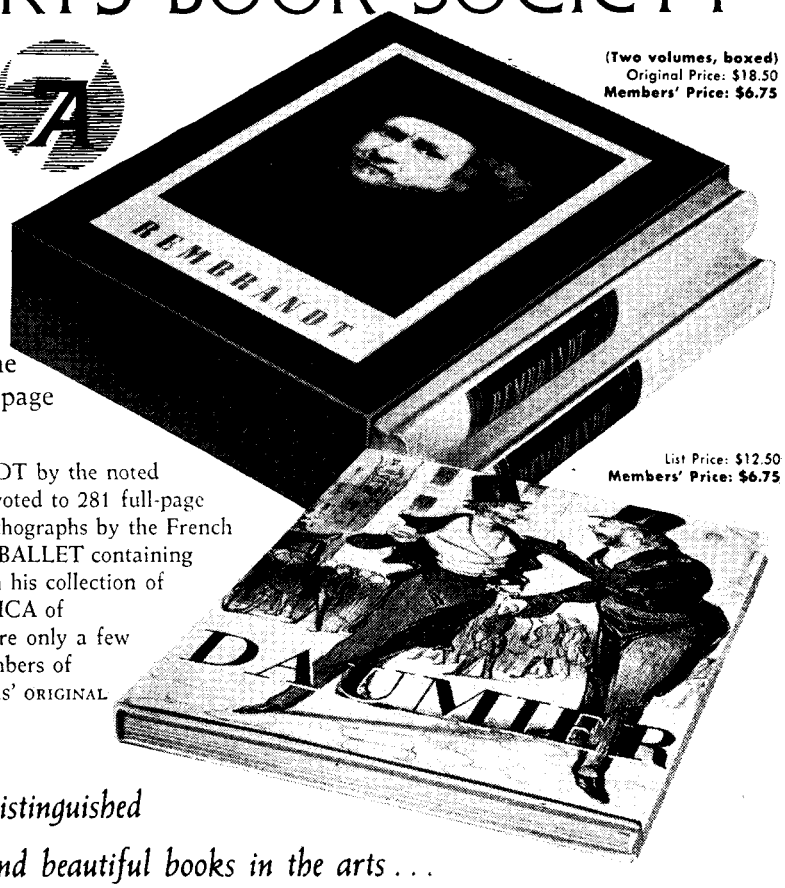

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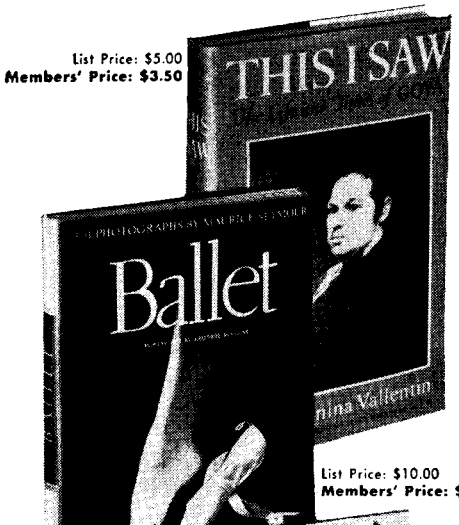

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